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THE LAND OF MY DREAMS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THOMAS H. ROGERS.

In the land of my dreams how enchanting to stray
To be borne for an hour from this dull world away;
To be wafted to scenes where no sorrow can rise,
Nor a cloud steal the light from the midsummer skies.
Oh! the land of my dreams is a region divine,
Where the day cannot die, nor the sun cease to shine;
And the voices of air, and the songs of the streams,
Ever welcome my soul to the land of my dreams.

In the land of my dreams no contention can be,
Peace waves her white pinions o'er mountain and sea.
No mother weeps there for the children who far
From her arms have been hurled by the demon of war.
There no maiden kneels down by a desolate grave,
'Mid her anguish, to murmur a prayer for the brave:
For the eye cannot dwell, nor the sun cast his beams,
On a picture of pain in the land of my dreams.

In the land of my dreams I have fashioned a form
Of a beauty divine, a heart faithful and warm;
And enraptured we wander where joyfully sweet
Sing the birds overhead, and the waves at our feet;
And we long for the time when my soul shall prevail
O'er the bonds of this tenement, mortal and frail;
When around me shall glitter the radiance that gleams
Round the form of my love in the land of my dreams.

THE WHITE GIPSY:

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED.

Hudson turned round fiercely, with his hand uplifted to strike. Bamfylde caught his arm.

"Stay!" he cried—"strike him not. Let not a low-born churl like that involve you in difficulty."

Then he turned to Mrs. Hudson, and said, in that gentle tone of respect which he had ever at his command when speaking to those in distress, "Fear not, madam. It is I who am accused of high treason. I alone have cause to fear. Your husband has been accused and arrested wrongfully; and my evidence alone, I should imagine, will be sufficient to obtain his release."

The officer whom Mr. Hudson had intended to strike laughed coarsely.

"It strikes me your evidence won't go for much, my hearty," he said.

The insulting words had scarcely left his mouth, when he was felled to the earth by the strong arm of Bamfylde Carew.

"I, at least," cried Bamfylde—"I at least, fear nothing, and will bear no insults. Your business here is to lead us to prison—not to annoy us by your insolence."

The man rose from the ground, muttering terrible oaths of vengeance. Bamfylde laughed heartily.

"I have pitched many a better man than you over a hedge for insulting me," he said, "so be careful how you offend again."

There was no heartiness, however, in the hilarity of the White Gipsy. He knew too well the rigor of the law. He felt too acutely his position. Bitter indeed, therefore, were his thoughts as they passed along the dreary high road. Fortune seemed to have arrayed herself defiantly against him.

Everything he was connected with proved unfortunate. Every one he was friendly to fell into the snare of evil. And now what was his position? For what had he reserved himself? Just at the moment when everything was bright before him, when he had obtained the love of her who was his heart's idol, he was in danger of being sacrificed to a harsh and cruel law.

It was due to the bad accommodation of the prison, rather than the kindness of the governor, that Bamfylde Carew and James Hudson were placed in the same cell. It was a small, uncomfortable place. The walls were of stone, painted to appear more decent, and the floor was of stone also, plentifully strewn with straw. There were two beds, one on either side,—long, narrow things, which seemed more fit to lay out a dead body upon, than a couch on which to place a living being. However, Bamfylde and Mr. Hudson were not men to give way to despair. Both trusted, alas! too much, as it proved—to the justice and kindly feeling of their fellow beings; and neither anticipated anything beyond a tedious imprisonment and an honorable acquittal. On the following day a letter was despatched by Mr. Hudson, in reply to which, a barrister of eminence attended the prison. Bamfylde sat moodily in a corner. Hudson, after conferring with his counsel, went over to his fellow prisoner.

"Bamfylde," he said, "it is not worth while to have separate counsel."

The White Gipsy smiled.

"I do not need counsel," he said; "and if I did, I have been robbed of all I possess, and cannot afford to pay for it."

"You do need counsel," returned Mr. Hudson, "as much as I do; let me beg you, therefore, to accept from me, as a friend, as one in the same position as yourself, the service of my counsel."

Bamfylde thought a moment. His first impulse was to reject his friend's generous offer. His second, to accept it. He remembered that he was not now bound to think of himself alone. There was no doubt that Alice—his sweet cousin Alice—loved him dearly for himself alone. He had a father also who would be glad to welcome him—glad to receive him upon the slightest proof—glad to aid him even now, merely because he bore the resemblance of his son. He extended his hand to Mr. Hudson.

"Thank you," he said; "I will accept this service, not for my own sake so much as for the sake of those dear to me. A day will come, I trust, when I shall be able to repay you."

Sir Montague Malvern, K.C., was retained, and appeared in Court for the two prisoners.

The first examination was a mere farce. But when the day of trial came, the excitement in the town of Lithroe was immense. The gentry from far and near flocked to the Court-house and occupied the best places, while the workmen thronged the body of the hall and passages, and assembled in crowds without. The judge who presided on the occasion was Baron Loughton, a humane and kind man enough, but a stickler for aristocratic privileges, and one who entertained a wholesome horror of anything tending to lessen the dignity or encroach upon the power of the Crown. The Attorney-General, who prosecuted, was one of your fierce, uncompromising men, and one who delighted in browbeating the judge, the jury, and the counsel opposed to him. On this occasion he adopted his usual tactics; but uselessly. Montague Malvern was a calm, dispassionate speaker, who never permitted himself to seem worsted in an argument; and as the Attorney-General thundered forth his fiery words, which were intended to pass current as eloquence, he quietly studied his notes, with a placid smile wreathing itself over his lips. The only special witness for the prosecution was one Herbert Leigh, a fellow who had been one of the foremost among the rioters, but who had turned King's evidence. This person deposed to the speeches of James Hudson in the market-place, and to the fact of Bamfylde being one of the most active leaders of the mob. Besides this witness, there were several constables. All the other persons in the town who could have given evidence declared their inability to do so. Some did this out of respect for Mr. Hudson and his family; some because they feared to give offence to the working classes. Popular feeling, of course, was in favor of the White Gipsy and his friend, and as each point was brought forward which tended to exculpate either, a murmur of subdued approbation and pleasure ran through the assembly. The trial lasted three days.

The speeches of the counsel were long in themselves. At least forty working men, moreover, were examined, and each and all declared that they did not recognize him as being present among the crowds which thronged the streets during the riots. At five o'clock on the third day the jury retired, after an impressive speech from the judge, in which he detailed to them the dangerous example of such men as the prisoners. In other words, he plainly intimated his belief that they were guilty. In two hours they returned.

B. BISHOP BUCKLEY—ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

What was the verdict? The public were equally divided. From the faces of the jury nothing could be gathered. They appeared flushed and excited, as if they had been engaged in a hot and anxious discussion. The clerk of the Court rose from the perusal of his notes as methodically as if he had been about to ask a simple question in a county court.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you decided on your verdict?"

"We have," returned the foreman.

"Are the prisoners at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"We find the prisoner Bamfylde guilty; we acquit James Hudson."

A dead silence reigned through the Court after these words had been pronounced. Evidently the public was disappointed and dismayed at the verdict. They would have left the Court willingly; but they were chained by a kind of instinct, which led them to listen to the sentence.

"James Hudson," said the judge, "you have had a fortunate escape. Twelve of your countrymen have acquitted you, and you are therefore discharged, and free to quit the bar. At the same time, let me hope that this will be a warning to you, and that you will abstain for the future from playing upon the feelings of the multitude. You, Bamfylde, have more of my sympathy, because you belong to the same class as those whom you led. I will not, therefore, make your position worse by any attempt to express my own feelings as to the enormity of your offence. It remains for me only to pass on you the dread sentence of the law."

He then assumed the black cap, and passed the sentence, awful in itself, and presented in the most awful words. Bamfylde made no remark; only, when the judge spoke of his belonging to the same class as the working men, a smile passed over his face. When the sentence was passed, a slight pallor overspread his countenance; but in no other way did he evince any emotion. He bowed to the Court respectfully, stepped down from the dock, and, without a word, accompanied the gaolers to the coach which was to convey him to the prison.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LOVE'S MESSAGE.

When they reached their destination, Bamfylde found Mr. Hudson awaiting him. The latter advanced towards the prisoner with tears in his eyes, and said, while he extended his hand, "My poor friend, it has indeed gone hard with you!"

Bamfylde smiled.

"Could you expect anything else?" he answered. "You are a gentleman; I am supposed to be a poor man, without name or family."

"The governor has given me permission to have a private interview with you," said Mr. Hudson; "so let us go at once to your cell."

As soon as they were once alone in the cell—it was the same they had inhabited in common, for Lithroe gaol did not boast of that horror, "a condemned cell"—Mr. Hudson said, "Let us talk in an undertone. What I have to say must be overheard by none."

"Do you not know," cried Bamfylde, "that you are compromising yourself by visiting me here?"

Mr. Hudson smiled.

"They cannot try me twice for the same offence," he said, "but come, let us consult, our time is short. Of course we cannot for one moment dream of leaving you to your fate. You have influential friends. In this instance you must pocket all pride and apply to them."

Bamfylde shook his head sadly.

"Alas!" he said, "those friends have no proof of my identity. They would do nothing for me."

He little knew his father.

"Well—well," returned James Hudson, eagerly. "You may be mistaken. In such a case as this we must not trust to surmises—we must have certainties. Your life being at stake, I shall communicate to your friends, with or without your consent."

As I have said before, life was dear to Bamfylde Carew. The love of such a girl as Alice was enough to render life dear to any man.

"I consent," he said—"I consent to anything you wish. I love my dear cousin so deeply, and I have planned such happiness for the future, that I confess that I cannot contemplate my fate calmly."

"Good!" cried Mr. Hudson, enthusiastically. "I am glad to hear you talk thus. I am pleased that you do not affect a stoicism which you do not feel. Escape you shall, by fair means or foul. By heavens, if you are not released, they shall have another red light in the sky before long!"

Bamfylde's color came and went as Mr. Hudson spoke.

"Let me tell you one thing," said the White Gipsy. "You are aware that I am even now recognized as King of the Gipsies?"

"Yes."

"Although I have so long been absent from among them, they have but to hear that I am in danger to flock instantly to my rescue. If all other means fail, I would wish them to be made acquainted with my position. They will find out some means to rescue me, even if it be from the scaffold."

"You give me renewed hope," said Mr. Hudson; "but how are they to be communicated with?"

Bamfylde lowered his voice, until it was not more than a whisper.

"I heard," he said, "in my wanderings, that they have located themselves in the wood near Telbern Abbey, which, as you know, is about twenty miles distant from this town."

"Yes, but you speak of them as a body. They cannot all be there?"

"No, no. I allude to my old friends. They are in communication with all the rest. In less than a week, five hundred of them could be brought before the walls of this prison, if they were willing."

"They shall be communicated with, depend upon it," said Mr. Hudson. "I will despatch a messenger this night to Telbern Abbey; and by to-morrow morning's post shall be forwarded a letter to your father and uncle."

Bamfylde, at these words, turned deadly pale.

"Do not write to Alice," he faltered—"do not unnecessarily alarm her. Beg of them not to inform her of anything, unless it becomes necessary for me to take a last farewell of her."

As he spoke, the turnkey entered.

"Time is up," he said; "to-morrow you can see the prisoner again."

Mr. Hudson rose wearily, as one who is loth to go. And yet, had he not fond ones expecting him at home? At this moment the noble heart of the patriot thought not of them. He knew that they were aware of his escape. That sufficed him. Now all his thoughts were concentrated upon the sufferings of his less fortunate fellow prisoner.

"Farewell," he said—"farewell! Depend upon me for fulfilling all I have promised."

Then he shook Bamfylde's hand warmly and departed. The door closed—the heavy bars and chains were put up, and Bamfylde was alone. He paced his cell for some time in bitter anguish. Then, as he thought of Alice, his mind reverted to that evening when, on the crest of the hill, he had sat down, weary and dispirited, and a gentle arm had stolen around his neck, and a gentle voice had whispered its love. And, in the bitterness of his sorrow, he knelt and prayed, and wept.

Early next morning, ere yet the sun had warmed the air—ere yet the indolent shopkeepers had taken down their shutters—a man, dressed in an uncouth garb, and bearing evidences upon him of a long journey, entered the town of Lithroe, and made his way into the public room of the "George Inn," which had but just opened. There was no one yet in the place in the shape of a customer, and the stranger, therefore, was the object of more than usual observation. He seemed, however, to take little notice of the prying glances which were directed towards him. His mind appeared pre-occupied by thoughts of graver moment. Calling for a tankard of ale, he paid the waiter who brought it double its value, and questioned him.

"There were strange doings in your town yesterday, I hear," he said.

"Yes," returned the waiter; "yes, we had a trial for high treason—not that I know what that means; but the prisoner is to be hanged for it—so I suppose it is something bad."

"When is he to be hanged?"

"I don't know exactly; but I suppose in a fortnight. That's the usual time."

"Scant time!" muttered the stranger.

Then he added aloud, "At what time are visitors admitted to the prison?"

"May be you're a friend of Bamfylde?"

"I am; but tell me, what is the hour of admission?"

"Eleven," said the waiter.

After which he sidled off, with evident disinclination to speak further to a man who was a friend of one accused of high treason and condemned to be hanged. The gipsy—for so he was, in fact—waited impatiently in the inn until the hour for admission into the prison arrived. Then he hurried off and presented himself at the gate. The governor was a humane man, and at once accorded permission to the gipsy to visit his friend. With what feelings Bamfylde welcomed him may be imagined. The sight of his swarthy face gave him the first glimmer of hope.

"Well, Cornelius," said he, as he grasped his friend's hand. "Well, you have not forgotten me?"

"No, indeed!" cried Cornelius. "We have always kept you in mind, and have elected no other king. Would it not have been better now if you had never left us?"

Bamfylde smiled. Perhaps, after all, the man was right. Had he discarded his ambitious views, and been content with the wild life of the gipsies, Alice would, no doubt, have been now his wife, and he would have been safe from persecution.

"You are doubtless, right, Cornelius," he said, "but what is done cannot be undone. It remains now to plan for my escape."

"Have you thought of nothing yourself?" asked Cornelius.

"Yes, I have thought much, but without result. These walls are too thick, and the keepers are too much on the alert, to admit of any successful attempt on my part."

"What, then, is to be done?" asked Cornelius.

Bamfylde smiled.

"We must consult," he said; "but I think the principal part of the campaign must be left in your hands."

They accordingly entered into conversation. The result of this must be seen in the future of our story. It was late in the evening before Cornelius left, and Bamfylde was once more alone. He had a companion that night which he little expected—a mute companion—a letter. It had arrived by special messenger from London, and was from Alice:—

"Dearest Bamfylde, dearest husband—for such you will be one day—I know you are in trouble, though they will not tell me where you are. My uncle sends to Mr. Hudson, and I take the opportunity of sending this. Believe in my love always, and hope for the best, whatever may be your misfortune. ALICE."

These few words brought a world of comfort to the mind of the White Gipsy. With her for his consoling angel, it seemed folly to dread anything, even though death in its most horrid shape was staring him in the face.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GIPSIES.

ACCUSTOMED to disguises, to dangers, to plots of all kinds, inured to hardships from the cradle, Bamfylde's gipsy messenger, after a short interview with his chief in prison, started to carry his sad tidings to the encampment of his people. The night was dark, the wind blew in wild gusts over the moors which, during part of his journey, he had to traverse, yet, as he knew every foot of the way, he was troubled with no misgivings respecting his course. It was otherwise when he turned his thoughts to the case of the prisoner, who, being accused of the highest crime known to the laws of his country, might be very properly described as having a circle drawn round him by death. The man knew well enough that the gipsies pledged themselves, with the full intention of keeping their promise, to rescue Bamfylde from his perilous situation, cost what it might; but when he considered the strength of the prison and the number and vigilance of those interested in guarding its gates and walls, he could not be without strong apprehensions as to the result of such an attempt. His course, after quitting the town, lay through a narrow road overhung by trees and very little enlivened by the presence of buildings, though here and there, at the interval of half a mile or so, a rude cottage, a barn, or a haystack furnished indications that human life was scattered, however thinly, over that part of the country. The clouds overhead, obeying the impulses of the wind, closed and parted alternately, now resembling the coping of a dark vault, and now, through their narrow rents, revealing the stars, glittering far away in the abysses of space. Cornelius had the appearance of having first seen the light in a southern latitude, his hair being intensely black, and his complexion more tawny than that found among those of his race born in England. His figure was square, brawny, and muscular, consequently a little heavy to the eye, though, from the lightness of his step, it was very clear it could not be so in reality. He had on a velveteen jacket with loose sleeves, such as the peasants wear in Spain; a hat slouched after the Castile fashion; short knee-breeches, reached by a pair of leggings fitting closely to the limbs. His waistcoat was of bright scarlet, and from between the buttons in front peeped forth the handle of a dagger, while in his hand he flourished a short bludgeon heavy enough to have felled an ox. Absorbed in his own ideas, Cornelius for some time omitted to notice that he was preceded, at no great distance, by three men, by whom he had no inclination to be seen, for which reason he leaped over the first gate that offered itself and struck across the fields. But if he hoped thus to escape, he was mistaken, for the three men were evidently on the watch for him, and penetrating through the hedge which divided the lane from the field he had entered, moved forward, keeping him carefully in view, though they made no attempt to approach and speak to him. Presently a rack of clouds, hurled together by the blast, totally obscured the sky, so that no object could be discerned by the keenest sight at the distance of three or four yards. To Cornelius, nothing could be so welcome as the darkness in which he now found himself, since every hedge, brake, stream, and foot-path were familiar to him, while the object he had in view rendered it of the deepest moment that he should keep clear of all observation and delay. It was this conviction, and not fear, that made him anxious to avoid casual companions, whether friendly or antagonistic, for Bamfylde being in peril, he more than shared the solicitude of his tribe to concert means for his deliverance. After walking forward rapidly for some time, he came out upon the high road, which, supplying much better walking than fields and commons, he resolved to follow, since he would thus gain more in time than he should lose in distance. When he had proceeded about a mile, his quick ear caught the sound of heavy wheels at a distance, followed by the blast of a horn, from which he guessed that the mail-coach, on its way to London from the west, was drawing near. The times were lawless, so that if any swaggerer on the outside of the coach, rendered bold by company, happened to observe a gipsy or other poor person plodding along the road, he would think very little of firing at him, under pretence that he took him for a highwayman. Whoever has watched the sound of wheels by night, must have noticed that it comes sometimes harsh and grating on the ear, as if close at hand, and then dies away entirely, as the vehicle plunges into some hollow, or makes its way along some intervening eminence. In a few minutes Cornelius found himself on the commencement of a long descent, up which the mail-coach would have to toil slowly, while he, moving in the contrary direction, went along at a brisk and easy pace. On arriving at a slight turn in the road, not desiring to be observed by the coachman, guard, or travellers, if there should be any, he retreated under the shelter of a high hedge, which projected considerably, but had scarcely taken his stand, ere he heard a shout and the rattle of fire-arms, towards which, by instinct, he rushed, forgetting the importance of his errand, forgetting his personal safety, forgetting everything but the irresistible attraction of strife. Careless who might be the assailants or assailed, he raised his voice and cried aloud that succor was at hand, and ran towards the coach, which stood in the middle of the road, the horses plunging, the passengers inside and out screaming, the guard swearing, while the coachman sat upon the box in stolid indifference. When he came up, he called out to coachee, "What's the matter?"

"Not much. Two or three villains attempted to stop us, but guard has peppered some on 'em I guess and so—"

"No," said a gentleman, putting his head out of the window, "they only ran away when they heard you call, sir."

At this moment the coach door was opened, and a lady sprang out, half dead with terror, and not knowing why she left her comfortable position under the protection of three or four gentlemen with pistols, to implore the aid of a stranger, armed only with a stick. Mail-coaches, in those days, were scarcely less lumbering than a French diligence, with two large lamps in front, a tarpaulin drawn tight over the luggage, and bare seats before and behind, on which hardy travellers, with light purses, usually stationed themselves. The guard, with brazen blunderbuss and scarlet coat, occupied the most prominent station in the rear, while most of the gentlemen passengers wore rapiers and carried pistols. Observing the weakness of the rescuing force, the footpads, who were three in number, were on the point of returning, when the guard blew his horn, the terrified lady resumed her place in the inside, the coachman cracked his whip, and the coach dashed off, leaving Cornelius standing in the middle of the road, annoyed at the success of his interference.

"Why, you fool," said one of the highwaymen, "couldn't you guess who we were? We meant to have told you all about it in the lane, but you gave us the slip; and now you have hindered us from clearing out those rascally gentry, for whose pistols and blunderbusses we did not care a rush."

"Let 'em go," said Cornelius. "This is no time to think of money. Bamfylde is in prison, in danger of swinging."

This announcement produced a strange effect upon the minds of the gipsies, who, forgetting the loss they had just sustained—for they regarded the property of the travellers as their own—overwhelmed Cornelius with questions, which he answered as they hastened along. In about a quarter of an hour they diverged from the highway, and entered upon a moor, which they traversed without the slightest difficulty, and descending into a hollow, densely wooded, came in sight of their encampment, which stood in a clear space, surrounded by trees. Preserving the habits and manners of their Asiatic forefathers, the gipsies usually kindle fires in front of their tents, and around them the men sit up, sometimes all night, smoking or chatting. On the present occasion the fires had burned low, but were not extinguished, and all the men of the tribe sat in the open air, with their weapons by their side. This they had done for several nights, expecting evil tidings, which it was now Cornelius's hap to bring. Viewed from a little distance, nothing could be more romantic or picturesque than the scene presented by the interior of the gipsy camp. The fires had indeed burnt low, but every now and then, as a crust of embers fell in, the flames flashed up, bringing forth glittering reflections from the piles of arms, and imparting to the tattered but bright costumes of the watchers a striking appearance, which they would certainly not have possessed by day. Here and there through openings in the tents, you beheld mothers sleeping with their babes in their arms; or restless old crones, to whom slumber refused to come, feathering stolen fowls, to be cooked for breakfast in the morning. Some of their tents were of canvass, but of no settled shape; in one case consisting merely of a few strips of old cloth flung over boughs, and descending in irregular waves to the ground; in others, of white, or common, blankets, extended on poles reaching to the earth on one side, but falling greatly short of it on the other, to admit into the interior the warmth of the fires. In some places the women had thrown their wardrobe on the lower branches, where it fluttered in the night breeze, assuming from the uncertain light a gorgeous appearance. When Cornelius and his companions arrived on the edge of the camp, they gave the well-known signal, upon which all the men started to their feet, and crowding tumultuously about them, eagerly inquired, "What news of Bamfylde?"

The answer they received caused universal terror. A huge fire was immediately kindled in the midst of the camp, and around it all the members of the tribe, both male and female, assembled, to consult what was to be done. No one could be ignorant that, to storm such a prison as that in which their chief lay, was an enterprise not to be dreamed of. Against the outworks and strongholds of power, craft must be employed; but of what kind, and how should it be organized?

Every one present was conscious that there was no time to be lost—for the hours, as they drifted past, thrust forward into view Bamfylde's fate with ghastly distinctness. The young men, almost without exception, contended for the employment of force—since, upon mature consideration, they could imagine no other means of compassing the desired end. They proposed that all the men of the tribe should arm, repair at night to the vicinity of the prison, scale the walls, cut their way to Bamfylde's dungeon, and deliver him, even if it should cost the lives of half the tribe. The eldest proposed a different plan—suggesting that, in disguise, and under cover of purposes which they were to improvise at the moment, two of the most stalwart of the gipsies should introduce themselves into the prison, linger about till nightfall, and then contrive the means of letting in the rest.

A young woman now stepped forward, and said, "Listen to me. I know the way of low officials. I'll do the business better than any of you. The gaolers have wives and daughters; and if my experience is worth anything, I'll undertake, by their assistance, to get as far as Bamfylde's cell. You know how those stupid dolts are always

dreaming of fortunes, of husbands, of gold, of finery, and so on. Let me alone. I have promises enough to give them; and if they won't answer, I have jewels which I am sure will."

This plan was approved, and the question now was respecting the most speedy means of conveying the pretty young gipsey to the scene of her enterprise. It was at length determined to steal a horse and cart from some neighboring farm, to drive with all possible haste, and before day, to the neighborhood of the prison, after which the camp was to break up and follow at leisure, all the men holding themselves in readiness to use their arms at the first signal. The plan once determined on, not a moment was lost in carrying it into execution. Two brisk and lively young thieves started off for the horse and cart, while the old women sat apart, preparing breakfast, as the gipsies never venture upon any important undertaking on an empty stomach.

Cornelius had not tasted food for more than twenty-four hours, so that he was as ravenous as a wolf, and could scarcely appease his hunger by such dry chaff as bread and cheese, till the fowls could be roasted or rather scorched, for they were pushed almost into the fire, in the eagerness of the cooks to get them ready. At the suggestion of an old leader, a chest was opened, and a very fine ham, together with sundry bottles, displayed before the eyes of the hungry newcomers. Out flew their clasp-knives and cork-screws, and in a few minutes the wine was flowing round the circle, imparting a fresh zest to everybody's valor, and smoothing away the difficulties which had previously appeared almost insurmountable.

It is well known that the gipsies in all ages have possessed a degree of ingenuity unknown to other persons of humble origin. Presently a cart and horse were seen, for they could not be heard, approaching the encampment. Thick bands of cloth had been tied about the wheels to render them noiseless, and the horse's feet had been put into soft bags, so that he moved over the earth like a shadow. Then the whole camp took to eating and drinking, spits were cleared, kettles were emptied, wine and ale flowed in profusion, and nobody doubted that, before many days were over, the tall and commanding figure of the White Gipsy would be beheld once more among them. In this persuasion they made merry for a time; after which the cart set out with the girl in it, and driven at a break-neck pace by Cornelius, who would concede to no one the first step for the liberation of his chief. Unused to such desperate enterprises, the gipsies had no conception of the vast difficulties which lay in their path.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHERE DO MEN GO WHO DIE AT CHICAGO?

Some years ago, when Chicago was in its infancy, a stranger took up his quarters at the principal hotel, and inscribed his name on the register as Mr. J., of St. Louis. For several days he remained there, engaged in transacting the business which had brought him to the place, and from his exceedingly plain dress, manners, and general appearance attracted but little attention.

Soon Mr. J. was suddenly seized with illness, during which he was sadly neglected by his host, and the servants, taking their tone from the master of the house, left him to shift for himself as best he could. Thus matters went on, till one morning he was past praying for. His papers were then examined, that the sad intelligence might be communicated to his friends, when, to the surprise of all, he was found to be one of the wealthiest men in the western country.

Arrangements were accordingly made for the funeral; but before the last rites were performed, the subject came to life again, having been the victim of catalepsy, instead of the grim "King of Terrors." All were overjoyed at his fortunate escape from so dreadful a fate, and from that time were profuse in their expressions of solicitude, elicited, however, we judge, by "documentary evidence," rather than by any personal regard.

At length some one ventured to ask how things appeared to him while in the trance, to which he thus replied:

"I thought I had come to the river of death, where I met an angel who handed me a jewel to serve as a pass to the other side. On giving this to the ferryman, I received another which carried me forward another stage of my journey. Going on thus for several stages, receiving at the termination of each a ticket for the succeeding one, I at last reached the Heavenly City. There I found St. Peter, who opened the door at my summons, pipe in mouth, seated by a small table on which stood a goodly mug of steaming whiskey toddy.

"'Good morning, sir,' said he, very politely.

"'Good morning, St. Peter,' said I.

"'Who are you, sir?' said he, turning over the leaves of a huge ledger.

"'My name is J.'

"'Very good, sir; where did you live down below?'

"'I lived at St. Louis, in the State of Missouri.'

"'Very well, sir; and where did you die?'

"'I died at Chicago, in Illinois.'

"'Chicago, sure enough, a very hot place, sir.'

"'I beg your pardon, St. Peter, but have you a map of the United States here?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Allow me to look at it?'

"'Certainly, sir.'

"With that he handed down a splendid atlas, and I pointed out Chicago on the map.

"'All right, sir,' said he, after a moment's pause; 'it's there' sure enough; so walk in, sir; but I'll be blest if you ain't the first man that has ever come here from that place.'"

Thus ended Mr. J.'s account of his *transition* state; and no more questions were asked.

"A TALE OF BEEF TEA."—A Scotch minister, who cared about no sublunary things (except now and then a visionary tale of bawbees might cross his mind), on one occasion being taken seriously ill, called in the doctor, and admonishing him first "not to draw a long bill for he couldna afford it," asked him the nature of his complaint. After feeling the parson's pulse, looking at his tongue, tapping his chest, etc., the doctor declared that he was starving himself.

"Lord, doctor," said the minister, "ye're a witch; for Jeannie (his housekeeper) gaed awa two days sine, and I've no had a pickle of brose sine."

"Why, minister, man, ye maun hae some beef-tea."

"Lord, doctor, I hae nae tea in the house, nor beef neither; ye maun be fool to think o' finding ony here."

"Weel, weel, minister, I'll sen' ye some beef-tea doon."

"Na, na, doctor, ye'll put it in the bill."

"Minister, I'll send it doon free o' charge, and mind ye tak it."

The doctor sent down the beef tea, and next day called to see how his patient was getting on.

"Well, minister, how are ye the day?"

"Heigh, man, I'm awful bad; of a' the pheesick I ever teuk in my life, the beef-tea beats a'. Why, man, it wadna stay wi' me ava; it made me worse than any mettick."

"Why, minister, I'll try the tea mysel'."

So, putting some in a skillet, he warmed it, tasted it, and told the minister it was excellent.

"Man," says the minister, "is that the way ye sup it?"

"What ither way should it be supped? It's excellent, I say, minister."

"It may be gude that way, doctor, but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man! try it wi' that, and then see hoo ye like it."

WHAT IF THE CLOTHES TAKE FIRE?—Perhaps three persons out of four would rush right up to the burning individual, and begin to paw with their hands without any definite aim. It is useless to tell the victim to do this or that, or call for water. In fact, it is generally best to say not a word, but seize a blanket from a bed, or a cloak, or any woolen fabric—if none is at hand, take any woolen material—hold the corners as far apart as you can, stretch them out higher than your head, and running boldly to the person, make a motion of clasping in the arms, most about the shoulders. This instantly smothers the fire and saves the face. The next instant throw the unfortunate person on the floor. This is an additional safety to the face and breath, and any remnant of flame can be put out more leisurely. The next instant immerse the burnt part in cold water, and all pain will cease with the rapidity of lightning. Next get some common flour; remove from the water and cover the burned parts with an inch thickness of flour, if possible. Put the patient to bed, and do all that is possible to soothe until the physician arrives. Let the flour remain until it falls off itself, when a beautiful new skin will be found. Unless the burns are deep, no other application is needed. The dry flour for burns is the most admirable remedy ever proposed, and the information ought to be imparted to all. The principle of its action is, that like the water, it causes instant and perfect relief from pain by totally excluding the air from the injured parts. Spanish whiting and cold water of a mushy consistency, are preferred by some. Dredge on the flour until no more will stick, and cover with cotton batting.

KISSING.—When a wild spark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says: "Sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon."

The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up all at once, and say: "I should think you would be ashamed."

When an Albany chap steals a kiss from an Albany girl, she says: "I reckon it's my turn now," and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget for a month.

When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes deeply, and says nothing.

In Pennsylvania, when a female is saluted with a buss, she puts on her bonnet and shawl and answereth: "I am astonished at thy assurance, Jedediah, and for this indignity will sew thee up."

The Western ladies, however, are so fond of kissing, that when saluted on one cheek they instantly present the other.

The Sag Harbor girl tussles and scratches till out of breath, when she submits to her fate with the most exemplary fortitude and resignation, without a murmur.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

EXPRESS, Chicago, Ill.—"When Flora Temple made her fastest time at Kalamazoo, Mich., viz: 2:19¼ did she have the track all to herself or not; that is, was there or was there not a horse trotting against her for the heat. The gentleman I am betting with says that the time was made after the race was over, I say that it was made while contending for a heat, (I think the second, which wins? Is that track short of a mile around the centre, and if so, how much? What were the names of the horses that trotted in that race, was'nt one Honest Ance?".....You win every point except the heat—it was in the third heat when the 2:19¼ was made. We give a summary of this race for the information of other correspondents:—

SATURDAY, Oct. 15, 1859.—National Course, Kalamazoo. Proprietor's Premium, $2000, best 3 in 5.

Mr. McManns' b. m. Flora Temple, 14 yrs. old....1 1 1
Mr. Eycleshimer's s. g. Honest Ance, 7 yrs. old....2 2 dr.
Mr. Eoff's b. m. Princess, 10 yrs. old.....3 3 2
Time—2:32¼; 2:22¼; 2:19¼.

J. E. & F., St. Louis, Mo.—Tom Cribb and Jem Ward each received a belt, not transferable. In 1839, Bendigo received a belt from Jem Ward; in 1841, Caunt beat Nick Ward, when a subscription belt was given to him, transferable; in '48, Bendigo beat Caunt and got the belt; in '50, the Tipton Slasher claimed the office; in '51, Broome beat the Slasher; in '53, the Slasher again claimed the Championship, Broome having forfeited and retired from the ring; in '57, the new belt was gotten up by subscription, which Tom Sayers held till '60, retiring after his fight with Heenan, and leaving the belt open for competitors; in '60 Paddock and Hurst fought for, and the Staleybridge won it; in '61, Mace beat Hurst and the belt came into his possession; in '62, King licked Mace, but soon after resigned his title to the belt, as did also Jem Mace a few months ago, and Marsden and Wormald are now matched for the original belt; it will thus be perceived that no man has ever held *the* belt long enough to call it his own.

JULIUS B., Chicago.—1. Your friend N. M. is wrong and Julius is right. 2. Tony Pastor still belongs to the 444 company—at present playing at the Boston Museum. 3. Heenan was born in Troy, but worked at the blacksmithing at Benicia, Cal., hence his cognomen of the Benicia Boy. 4. We know nothing about her. 5. Joe Coburn's fighting weight is about 154 lbs. 6. Don't know anything about Jim Manley, of Baltimore. 7. Its depends altogether on the ability of the learner—one month's steady practice ought to turn out a cloggist, if the would-be clogger has adaptability for the business on foot. 8. Let them see what you can do, and if you are worth hiring, they'll tell you—if not, not. 9. One of the Gougenheim sisters is now playing in Australia. 10. Miss Jane Coombs has gone to Europe.

GINEY, Newark.—1. Scores of over 100 in cricket have very rarely been made in this country. 2. Sam's 114 was, as you remark, thought something wonderful. 3. The cause of short scores here, arises principally, no doubt, from the fact that our cricketers are all amateurs and have little or no time for practice except that which they get in playing matches. 4. The big scores in England are made by professionals or "gentlemen of leisure," who have lots of the best kind of practice. Some of them have swung a bat from the time they were knee high till now and have done little or nothing else, hence their great skill. 5. Wisden learned or tried to learn the carpenter's trade with his father in Crown street, Brighton, Eng.

WASHINGTON NAVY YARD.—"1. A bets that Mace will whip Coburn, and if there is a wrangle or row and it ends in a draw, doesn't A lose, as Mace doesn't whip Coburn?".....No—A does not lose, the party he bets with laying his wager that Coburn does not get licked, and therefore as neither one is the victor the bet is a draw or stand off. "2. A and B are 'chucking' dice and A throws 11. B bets that he can beat that and throws 11, a tie, and he says that it is a draw. I say he don't beat 11. How is it?".....This is a horse of altogether a different color, for to beat 11 B has to throw over that number to win the wager, his opponent betting that he will *not* beat that number; it is as plain as the Duke of Wellington's nose.

VIRGINIA.—1. Coburn's fights are out of print: he is a two handed hitter. 2. McCoole defeated Bill Blake in 29 rounds, 31 minutes, June 27, 1857; beat Tom Jennings, 37 rounds, 33 min., May 2, 1860; was licked by Joe Coburn in 67 rounds, 1h. 10m., May 5, 1863. 3. Harry Gribbin has fought twice in this country—With Ed. Wilson and Joe Coburn, and was matched with Jem Parker, but the fight never came off. 4. Ed. Price fought a draw with Joe Coburn and licked Australian Kelly. 5 and 6. It is a matter of opinion altogether. 7. Helen Western is about twenty-two. Laura Keene was born in 1830. Ada Webb was born Sept. 18, 1845. 8. Nary,

H. B. J., Manchang, Mass.—1. Pool betting is where the choice of a certain horse is sold at auction in a "pool" or bet, in which two or more take part. For instance, if there are three horses the choice for first favorite probably sells for $750, second $150, third $100, in a pool of $1000. The man that gets the winning horse rakes the pile of $1000. 2. We have not heard of them for some time. 3. The Melville show will not appear in your neighborhood this season. 4. It is the same Ross. 5. Cubas' husband is living in Spain.

J. A. H., Boston.—1. It is a difficult matter to tell what the correct time was, but we give you the figures as recorded by the papers in the last match between Josh Ward and Jimmy Hamill: *World*, 38m.; *Herald*, 37m. 58sec.; *Sun*, 37m. 52sec.; *Tribune*, 37m. 38sec.; *Times*, 37m. 38sec.; *Express*, 37m. 55sec.; *Poughkeepsian*, 38m.; *Press*, 37m. 28sec.; *Eagle*, 37m. 18sec.; referee, 38m. 15sec. 2. Gil Ward's time over the same course on the day following was 38m. 34sec., beating Joe Bash, of Pittsburgh, and Bill Stephens, of Poughkeepsie.

YOUNG AMERICA, Hartford, Ct.—1. Your best plan is to advertise in a Somerville paper. 2. The Alabama was an iron steamer of 1,200 tons burden, 220 feet long, 32 feet wide, and 17 feet depth of hold. She was built in England about two years ago by Mr. Laird, of Birkenhead, and for some time went by the name of "290," that being the number placed on her stern on the stocks; she was first heard of a short time after the escape of the Sumter from New Orleans. Her motto was "Assist thy self, and God will assist thee."

J. H. B., Boston.—"A, B and C made up a 'pool' of a certain amount on the result of a four oared race. In drawing the lots—A draws boat Geo. J. Brown, B draws boat McClellan, C draws the 'field,' at the time of the race the G. J. Brown having entered, backs out of the race on account of rough water. The race takes place between the McClellan and others constituting the 'field,' and is won by the McC. Will you be kind enough to decide who wins the pool?".....The McClellan wins the pool, less the amount paid by A, who has his money returned.

P. A., Pittsburgh.—I have a pointer dog which has got the mange; his back is all broken out with it. What will cure him the quickest?.....Take rosin ointment 2oz., sulphur sufficient to make the ointment very thick; oil of Juniper enough to make the ointment of a proper consistency. Apply once a day, wash off the next, and repeat three times and discontinue. Repeat again if the dog exhibits any signs of uneasiness. If this does not effect a cure, write again.

J. M., Springfield, Mo.—Tom Hyer was in California the early part of 1851, at the same time as Morrissey and George Thompson were, but the general state of society at that time in California soon disgusted Tom Hyer's chivalrous spirit, and, after a very short stay among the gold diggers, he returned to New York with a whole skin.

FRIEND, Baltimore.—1. R. E. J. Miles was in Columbus at last accounts. Keep your eye on our summary and you will find his whereabouts. 2. For Kate Denin Ryan and Sam Ryan's present location see our dramatic summary. 3. The poems of Lord Byron, that you mention, have never, to our knowledge, been performed on the stage.

N. M. C., Binghampton.—After the fight between Ned Price and Jem Kelly, Price challenged any man in America barring John C. Heenan, but nothing ever came of it. This week, Con Fitzgerald challenges any man breathing on this side the Atlantic, for particulars of which see our ring department.

P. A. K., Philadelphia.—Alf. Walker fought and defeated Darby, 48r., 83m., May 28, 1850; Joe Hoiles, the Spider, 9r., 16¼m., April 11, 1854; draw with Hicks, 95r., 165m., Nov. 30, 1852; received forfeit £5 in one match and £15 in another from Trainor, Dec. 23, 1851; was beaten by Bill Gillam, 7r., 20m., March 29, 1859.

INGOMAR, Chicago.—1. Matilda Heron was born in Labby Vale, Londonderry, Ireland. 2. We have not got the exact date. Came to this country when quite a child and was the pupil of Peter Richings. Made her first appearance on the stage, Feb. 17, 1851, at the Walnut, Philadelphia.

PIP.—1. Bryants. 2. Several lay claim to the title, but there is no recognised champion. 3. Tom Hyer was recognized as Champion of America, which he was indeed. 4. Brettle never fought Tom King. 5. About two years and nine months.

L. H. E., Albany.—You cannot get the Life and Battles of Dan Donnelly at all, as they were never published in book form except in Boxiana, which is out of print. We haven't room to republish the same.

B., Chicago.—1. We have no room for such things. 2. Certainly, a troupe may be called the Campbells, without a female impersonator being in the party. 3. Your other question may be answered in our weekly summary.

D. A. SHARPE, Fort Stevens.—As B wanted but two to go out, and held high and low, he won. A's Jack availed him nothing in play; had he turned it up on the pack, however, it would have been a different matter.

OLD HIX, Chicago.—"In playing a game of Euchre, A and B are partners against C and D. A takes up the trump and says he will play alone; D says he will play alone against him. A objects. Please decide".....D cannot play alone against A.

C. SHUMWAY, 24th N. Y. Cav., Washington.—That poem was never published outside of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, and most of the back numbers are out of print which contained it.

A. B., Detroit.—Roberts, of 96 9th Avenue, is the only manufacturer of clog shoes we know of in this city. We are not posted as to his charges.

H. R., Philadelphia.—We never heard of Patrick Mulholland, of Tyrone, having been engaged in a prize fight at all—his name doesn't even occur in Fistiana.

JOE, Chicago.—If there is such a work in print, Appleton, in Broadway, would be likely to have it. One of your city book dealers might procure it for you.

OLD SPORT, Northampton, Mass.—There are no special laws governing the three-handed game; we do not see that the player who secures all five tricks can score more than two points.

C. C. M., Marlboro, Mass.—1. Your 12 cents was received and we forwarded to you the back numbers the next day. 2. We have no more left.

HARPER, N. H.—1. We can give you no such points, nor can we give credit. 2. We don't doubt your honesty, but our terms are cash. 3. What name did you subscribe under?

RACE BALL PLAYER, Albany.—As they are so indifferent in regard to their business, they cannot expect us to advertise their wares gratuitously.

NAT ORMSBY.—1. Can't say what the cost would be. See Nelson's "ad." in another column. 2. No; but you can through the American News Company. 3. The lady is a *bona fide* Miss. 4. Middle aged.

A. B.—1. You cannot bind yourself as you propose. 2. The salary of a call-boy varies from six to eight dollars. 3. Your advertisement will cost 37 cents.

J. H., Chicago.—We know of no quicker time made by a sailing vessel than that made by the Dreadnought clipper ship.

BLAIR ATHOL.—Deeply obliged for your favors; they arrived too late to be used this week.

TOBIN AND MEEKIN.—Mace and Sayers never fought together either in or out of the prize ring.

CLAUDE, Chicago.—A pair of Kehoe's 8lb clubs, freight included will cost you $5.50; $4 for the clubs and $1.50 for transportation.

CREMORNE.—Butch Wallace, of the Fourth Ward, has been shot several times—we don't know how many.

DICK, Nashville.—We cannot inform you whether it was Claude Hamilton or some other man.

W. X., Cleveland.—Hyer, Heenan, and Freeman were born in this country.

L. A. C., Alexandria.—Miss Ada Webb was born in New Orleans, Sept. 18th, 1845—consequently you win.

SPINNING, Springfield, Mass.—Glad to hear it. All right. Will give it a place soon.

OUKE, Camden, N. J.—We have a copy of that issue which we can send you.

H. REED, Morganstown.—Your subscription commenced with No. 10, Vol. XI., and expires with No. 42.

ANGY, Philadelphia.—Apply to some one who keeps a shooting gallery in your city.

MUFFIN.—If the bet was made "play or pay" B won; if not, as the match was not completed, it was a draw.

ENQUIRER, Jersey City.—Should be pleased to acquiesce, but we have not a list.

JACK PERCY, N. Y.—Received all right. Press of "biz." prevented a reading. Will report in about a week.

NUMIS, Haverhill.—Have not seen or heard of him in several weeks.

J. E. T., Old Point Comfort, Va.—The father of Tom Sayers is an Englishman.

R. M. H., Albany.—Thanks for your consideration. See report elsewhere.

LITCHFIELD INQUIRER.—1. No. 2. We don't think it will. 3. You might procure them by advertising in our columns.

W. G. S., Roanoke.—John C. Heenan has two brothers, Jim and Tim; neither one ever figured in the ring.

D. C.—1. Ethan Allen and mate trotted in 2:19¼ against Flora Temple. 2. Flora never trotted a race in double harness in public.

PHŒNIX HOUSE, Belfast.—Yes, as it thereby prevents C or D from playing and making a lone hand.

J. S., Pittsburgh.—Roberts, 96 9th Avenue, can supply you with clogs—black clogs, any size, $3; red ditto, $3.50.

HARRY W.—Mace and Paddock never fought together for the English Championship.

NED MCMANUS, Natick, Mass.—Coburn's picture forwarded by express.

MUSCLE, Louisville, Ky.—Your best plan would be to join a gymnasium.

FANCHON, Albany.—Address it in care of the Superintendent.

G. C. B., Milford.—2:19¼.

ED.—Martin Van Buren, ex-President of the U. S., is dead.

DAN NOBLE.—We have a letter for you.

ED. MORTIMER.—We have no letter for you.

T., Baltimore.—The New Ironsides was built in Philadelphia.

C. M. F., Oswego.—Not at present.

GEO. A. BARSTON, Portland.—Your money never came to hand.

AMERICAN PUGILISTS.

OUR transatlantic neighbors express some surprise that the prize fighters we have sent to England are *gentlemen*, while of their own heroes of the ring, "scarcely a man can legitimately lay claim to that character." Such is the language of a London sporting journal. It augurs from this that "the American Ring stands in a far higher position than the English." We believe it does, although we are free to confess that there are some rather rough characters connected with Ring affairs in this country. Gentlemanly prize fighters are well-esteemed here, and need never want for influential friends; while the roughs, or bullies, are generally shunned except by political candidates about election times, when their assistance may be needed to help carry through some aspiring office-seeker. There is no reason why we should have *any* of this rough, quarrelsome, mercenary element among the pugilistic fraternity. It is much easier to be a gentleman than to keep up the character of a professional bully; the very men who use the latter class for their own selfish ends are the first to cast them off when they get into difficulty; the little pay they receive for doing election jobs don't amount to much in the long run, and we question if they would not be the gainers by acting in an independent manner, and voting and electioneering on principle, if they have any, instead of selling themselves and their votes for a few pieces of currency. Be gentlemen, then, ye of the pugilistic persuasion; not in dress, mind you, but in your general conduct. If you can dress well, so much the better; that won't hinder you from resenting an insult, or taking the part of the weak against the strong. There are some pretty tough customers done up in broadcloth now-a-days. A few months ago we were sitting at a window in the Bowery, when suddenly we saw a tall, delicate-looking, well-dressed young man striking out right and left at two rough customers, one of whom he had already laid out upon "the cold, cold ground," and the other was going down just as we saw the fracas. Our young friend gave the two a good serving out, and then permitted them to sneak off; not another hand struck a blow in that scrimmage; the "gentleman" flaxed the "two roughs" single-handed, and at remarkably short notice. We afterwards learned the cause of the *emeute*. It appears that our young friend—who prides himself on a genteel exterior, was walking along the Bowery, when two rowdies keeping close behind him, made some insulting remarks, and, we believe, brushed up against him: he suffered this to pass without resenting it. They then called him a dandy, Black Republican, and several other similar names, until, forbearance ceasing to be a virtue, our "dandy" friend turned upon them, for he is a courageous man, and in less than two minutes he had them both bleeding at his feet and at his mercy. We saw the finish of it, and therefore speak by the card. It don't do to tackle people because they happen to be well dressed; some of our toughest fighting men are "dandies," if you please to call them so, in appearance; but don't pick them up for flats on the fighting question; they don't seek quarrels, but would rather keep up their gentlemanly character; if they are started, however, woe betide the one who seeks to draw them into a fight. American pugilists, as a general thing, behave gentlemanly, and are extremely courteous in their intercourse with all classes of society; some of our friends from the other side are also well behaved, but they lack that polish that we find in the American prize fighter. Our English pugs make a *business* of fighting; Americans sometimes indulge in it for amusement, and sometimes are driven into it by necessity. In our own personal intercourse with both native and foreign pugilists—and our experience is quite extensive in that line—we have always been treated with the most marked respect, and in the most gentlemanly manner; some of the roughest-looking have been the mildest-mannered and the most polite. We have had them around us in our sanctum, wrangling among themselves and cursing each other, but we must do them the justice to say that whenever we have politely requested them to desist, they have cheerfully complied; they will not be driven, however, that's certain. We have always treated them well, and they have always acted in a similar manner towards us. Instead of taking them by the hand, and saying a kind word to them, or giving them a little bit of good advice, most people are in the habit of calling them brutes, urging on brutal police officers to club them, and that sort of thing. Deal with them kindly, and their good traits will soon make themselves manifest. We should like to see all our pugilistic friends on a par as regards gentlemanly behavior. There is no reason why they should not be.

THE 4TH OF JULY passed off in the usual hilarious pyrotechnic, and patriotic manner. Whiskey, lager beer and fire works were most in demand, and the day closed on a peaceful community very much jaded, over-heated, and liquored. In sporting matters, there was nothing of an exciting character, the "provincial towns" having the advantage of us in that respect. Of the doings by our sporting friends elsewhere, full reports will be found in another part of our "invaluable paper," as our "invaluable readers" persist in calling our spicy little sheet. The next celebration we should like to assist at, would be that of "Peace," when the two sections of one country, and one family, shall lay down their arms, and the Union be made whole again.

PRIZE FIGHT AT SEA.

Another "International Match" and its Results.

WHILE the "international match" between Mace, the Champion of the British Ring, and Coburn, the Irish-American representative, is quietly going on, we have news from the English channel—which divides two "neutral" powers—of a very interesting prize fight which took place very quietly on Sunday morning, June 19th, between two ships of war "as they sailed." It was an international aquatic contest between the United States gunboat Kearsarge, and the British ship Alabama: the former, commanded by Captain John A. Winslow, and the latter by Captain Raphael Semmes. The match had been in abeyance for some time, the Yank patiently waiting for the British ship to come out to sea and there tackle him in a square fight. The latter had been in numerous skirmishes with helpless old hulks, over which he has chronicled many an easily won triumph. The Alabam, after such an inglorious career on the "deep, deep sea," concluded to try his prowess in at least one square fight with an armed vessel, and to this end he sailed out of Cherbourg, a "neutral" port in France, and steamed out through the English channel to where "the Linkum gunboat lay." The Alabam, like the rebel ram Atlanta, went out on a sort of excursion party, at least she was accompanied by the "neutral" French ship of war Couronne, and the "neutral" British steam yacht Deerhound, with a nice family party on board, eager to see the Yankee demolished. The Deerhound acted as second and bottle-holder to the British vessel, while the Yank went into the action without any "outside interference," feeling herself a match for the whole caboodle. It was between ten and eleven o'clock A. M. when the preliminaries were settled, and the fighting ground occupied by the "belligerents," as Johnny calls the fighters. There were seven distinct rings or circles formed, and within the inner ring the battle was fought, the outer rings being reserved for Mr. Lancaster and his interesting family, who occupied prominent places on board the yacht Deerhound. At a considerable distance from the outer ring, say at Cowes, on the English side of the channel, and at Cherbourg, on the French side, were congregated hundreds of neutral roughs, their numbers being augmented by a French excursion party, who were unable to catch the regular train, and came down in a special.

THE BELLIGERENTS.—The "Kearsarge" is a native of the United States, about two years old, manned by Yankee guns and Yankee sailors, and is emphatically a "Yankee ship with a Yankee crew." She first saw the light in Boston in 1862, and this was her maiden fight. The Alabama was born in England, (noted for turning out impregnable war vessels,) was of about the same age as the Yank, and was manned by Englishmen. They were about equal in size, and although the British vessel had been in several turns-up, this was their first appearance in the regular Ring.

Everything being in readiness, at ten minutes past eleven o'clock, the belligerents advanced and commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both came up showing their teeth, and "smiling" in the most approved pugilistic mode; the style of each, as they manœuvred for an opening, was very artistic, while the clean complexion of the cuticle showed to what perfection their respective trainers had brought them. If anything, the Britisher was a little too fine drawn, and we missed that fine, healthy glow we had observed in his many encounters with old and worn-out adversaries; still, his condition was good; in another, it would have been grand. He stood firm upon his pins, arms well advanced so as to protect the vital parts and repel an attack at the same time, and there was a confident air about the chap that excited the admiration of all the "neutral beholders." The Yank was as "pretty as a picture;" his attitude was a study; there was no stiffness about it, but "every limb seemed capable of equal freedom of action, as if proceeding from a common centre;" his skin was ruddy with the glow of health; the arms were not too far out, nor the legs too far asunder—and this rendered a shifting of position quite easy, as his subsequent movements showed. There they stand, each a foeman worthy of the other's steel. The Alabam, having a good reach, seemed anxious to fight at long range, and watching an opportunity, lunged out with his starboard fin, but just missed a well-directed blow by a short distance, and fell from the force of his own blow.

Round 2. Both came up to time, the Britisher puffing from the effect of his previous exertions, and the Yank awaiting a chance to pop in a little one as a feeler. The Britisher crept up a little closer, and just as he got within fair distance, sent in a rattler, which raised the skin on the Yank's body, but without inflicting any serious injury.

Round 3. The Yank, full of activity, was quickly at the scratch, and endeavored to entice his opponent to close quarters; after sparring for wind, the Alabam let go another well-intended ribroaster, but the blow passed harmless over the Yank's shoulder.

Round 4. Half an hour had now elapsed, and up to this time the Yankee had acted mainly on the defensive; having felt the enemy's position, and got him within easy range, the Yankee steadied himself for a broadside, and just as John Bull was in the act of delivering an upper cut, Yank wriggled himself into a new base, got Johnny where his hair was short, and sent in his one two flush in the region of the heart, knocking his opponent on his beam ends, and drawing first blood. [*First knock down and first blood for the Yank.*]

Round 5. The Britisher was slow to the call of time; when he *did* show, the effects of the punishment he received in the last round were painfully visible; he sparred for wind, and endeavored to keep away; the Yank, still active, would not be denied, and attempted to force the fighting; the Alabam, in breaking ground, got in a very neat starboard hit on the Yank's cannister, cutting him in three places, and causing the ruby to flow; the Yank, smarting under the punishment, followed the Britisher to his own corner, where he had retreated, and by a very clever bit of strategy, got the Alabam's head in chancery, and fibbed away at it in ding-dong style, ending by the Britisher slipping away to avoid. [*Cheers for the Alabam, from the neutrals of Cowes and Cherbourg.*]

Round 6. It was the Philadelphia State House to a China orange in favor of the Yank. Time was called, but the Alabam came up slowly and reluctantly; he was truly a pitiable object; his frontispiece was cut in numerous gashes, from which the blood was flowing profusely; his eyes were both in mourning, and giving signs of an early closing movement; he was very groggy, and could with difficulty maintain an upright position; his heart of British oak was broken, and the question of his defeat was now a mere matter of time. The Yank, although still apparently fresh, was not without some heavy marks of punishment; he exhibited the fruits of several pretty severe body blows, and there was a dent or two about the chest which seemed to affect his breathing apparatus. Nevertheless he was still anxious for the fight, and seeing that he had his opponent in a weakened condition, he went up to finish him off-hand; the Britisher tried to go down, but the Yankee caught him a broadside, which once more turned the tap, and blood flowed from the numerous incisions made by the Yankee, like wine from the press. It was all up now but the shouting.

Round 7 *and last.* When time was called, the "Heart of British Oak" could not be coaxed out of his corner; his neutral friends tried to infuse some courage into him by neutral cheers, but he stuck by his corner. The Yank prepared for a final attack, and at once made his way to the Alabam, who lay as limp as a rag, bleeding at every pore, and gasping for breath; he tried to run, but was too weak, and the Yank merely pushed a hot 'un at his cranium, and the Britisher went down all of a heap, the fight all out of him, and the life-blood fast congealing; he never spoke again. The time occupied in fighting the seven rounds was just one hour, the contest being finished in ample time for the neutral spectators and victorious Yankees to take their lunch at the usual hour. The Yank endeavored to secure the colors and other trophies of the beaten enemy, but the neutral outsiders broke into the ring, and carried them away before he could reach them.

REMARKS.

It was a very plucky fight, but the result has not disappointed us. With stale, helpless, worn-out opponents, the Alabama always came out the upper dog in the fight. We knew he was greatly overrated, and that some fresh, active young fellow would some time put him to his mettle; he has met this young fellow, and though he showed a few good points, yet it was apparent, in the early part of the engagement, that the Alabam had been trained in the wrong school. He was terribly punished, and will never again enter the ring. The Yank showed good drilling; his manœuvering was really beautiful, and his execution was of the most terrific character; he seldom missed a blow, but kept up a steady fire upon his enemy, that tore him all to pieces, and left him without a loophole of escape. We much mistake if the Yankee will not be heard of again before long; he's got the stuff in him, and now that he's had a good, fair trial of his abilities, and knows of what he is capable, he will doubtless seek some other foeman worthy of his Yankee steel and Yankee guns. But for the interference of the Deerhound and other hounds, the colors of the enemy would have been captured by the Yank. We are sorry that our neutral friends carried their neutrality so far. "To the victor belong the spoils" and "may the best man win," are axioms more "honored in the breach than in the observance" by our neutral friends. Possibly they may see and acknowledge their error by the time "this cruel war is over."

MCCLELLAN AND GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.—The people are beginning to compare the campaign of Gen. Grant against Richmond with that of Gen. McClellan, and it is the general impression that if Gen. McClellan had been re-enforced as Gen. Grant has been, or had equal facilities been extended him, he would have been far more successful than Gen. Grant has thus far been. It has been said that Gen. Grant has not once called for more troops. There was no need for his calling, for re-enforcements have been sent him ever since he commenced the campaign; Gen. McClellan would never have called for more soldiers had the war department sent them, uncalled for, as it has sent them to Grant. Gen. McClellan's stock is rising every day, and many persons who were some time ago disposed to question his military judgment, now look upon "Little Mac" in a more favorable light. The people will yet do him justice.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

NOT feeling very well the other day, we turned our attention to poetry and Petersburg, and here is the result:—

Says U. S. Grant to R. E. Lee—
"Surrender Petersburg to me."
Says R. E. Lee to U. S. Grant—
"Have Petersburg? Oh, no you shant."
"I shant?" said Grant, "oh, very well—
You say I shant, I say I *shell*."

COBURN AND PARTY IN IRELAND.—We have still later advices from the Irish-American party who went to England to make a match between Coburn and Mace. They had reached the city of Dublin, and were making arrangements to give an exhibition there. We received the following brief epistle from the boys on the 18th inst.:—

DUBLIN, June 24, 1864.

FRIEND QUEEN.—Here we are in the great city of Dublin, where we are making arrangements to give an exhibition. From here we go to Limerick, then to Belfast, Armagh, Cork, and back to Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffied, and London, after which we shall commence hard work. We are all well, and in good spirits. Give our regards to all friends and acquaintances at home.

Yours, truly, JAS. CUSICK, JOE COBURN, JIM DUNN.

THE ROWING MATCH.—The whole of the money in the match between Joshua Ward and James Hamill has been placed in our hands, and there is nothing to interfere with the consummation of this important aquatic event. It is to come off on the Monongahela river, at Pittsburgh, on Tuesday, 19th inst. Hamill continues the favorite, and will remain so until the race.

JOHN C. HEENAN INJURED.—From our latest foreign files we glean the painful intelligence that John C. Heenan met with a serious accident through a railroad collision, causing him great suffering, and from which he had been confined to his bed with a succession of fits. We sincerely hope his injuries may not prove fatal. Additional particulars will be found in our foreign sporting column.

COBURN AND MACE.—A second deposit in this match has been made good, as we learn by our latest advices from England. Coburn was going the rounds on a sparring tour, previous to going to Ireland, where he will commence his training at an early day. The latest items of news regarding this match may be found in another column.

THEATRICALS.—There is not much doing in theatricals. We are in the season of vacation, when the people are making for summer resorts, and giving up indoor amusements. Five or six weeks will bring the summer solstice to an end, and then, ho! for lively times among the playing folks.

DEERFOOT AND STEEPROCK(?) IN ROCHESTER.—Deerfoot and a party of Indians, including one professing to be Steeprock, were at Rochester on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of July. Deerfoot did his five miles in less than twenty-seven minutes, it is said.

THE TURF.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR MATCH ON THE UNION COURSE, L. I.—The match between the two well known trotting mares Dan Mace's s m Minnie and Mr. Louis Petty's b m Molly Pitcher, for $1000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, came off on the Union Couse, L. I., on Thursday, the 7th inst. Molly was driven by her trainer, Hiram Woodruff, and Minnie by her owner, Dan Mace; the former was the favorite at $100 to $80, and was in such force that few could be found to back Minnie, so great was the anxiety to "get on" her opponent. Molly won the first heat very easily in 2.46¾, and the odds increased to $100 to $30 on her winning the race. Breaking badly in

AQUATIC.

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BUILT IN THE BEST STYLE,
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STEPHEN ROBERTS,
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Harlem River, New York.
Hamill's champion shell boat was built at this establishment. Boats of all kinds on hand for sale. 9-3m*

The Famous Four-oared Boat "Stranger," Is for Sale for $160. It is one of the best Four-oared Boats ever built. Address "STRANGER," CLIPPER Office, N. Y. 11-tf

REGATTA AT CORNWALL.

WARD VS. STEPHENS.

The announcement of a 4th of July Regatta at Cornwall, the home of that remarkable boating family, the Wards, drew together a large concourse of the profession of the oar and scull, betting-men, pleasure seekers, and a miscellaneous crowd of those to whom twelve hours of excitement, love-making, ginger-bread-eating, pyrotechnic display, firewater imbibation, fighting, dust, and general misery, seem essential to the proper celebration of our national birthday. That Cornwall, a place about large enough to black-lead a boat in, contained for six hours this latter "element of warfare," with the flattering exhibit of but two bloody affrays, and an infinitude of light skirmishes and gin-born exhibitions of the "manly art," was due to the strenuous exertions of the brothers Ward, and a few determined friends, whose peace making efforts were ultimately crowned with success.

It was expected that the large sum offered as prizes, $100 for the first man, $50 for the second, and $25 for the third, would produce a long list of entries; but the Boston Regatta, primarily; and lastly, the condition of the water, thinned the ranks to such an extent, that when the time for the start came, but two of the party made their appearance at the judges' yacht. The two sculliers who braved the dangers of the track (then, owing to the north west wind and consequent heavy sea, as bad as possible), were Gilbert Ward and Wm. Stephens; and the fame of these men, and the interest excited by their previous matches, compensated for the absence of the possible others, and reduced the affair to the complexion of a match.

The race, announced for two o'clock, was deferred in expectation of a prophesied subsidence of wind and sea; but the knowing ones were mistaken, and the managers, despairing of a better state of affairs, ordered the contestants to be at the starting point at four o'clock. For the benefit of those who have not "kept track" of the performances of the men, we append the following sketch:—Gilbert Ward, of Cornwall, is in his twenty-third year, stands six feet two inches high, and when properly trained, weighs 160 lbs. He feathered his maiden scull at the Poughkeepsie Regatta of 1860, where, in company with John Hancon, he rowed a lap-streak boat against a fast shell pulled by Donahoe and Brown, and was beaten five seconds in a five-mile race. The next day, was fourth man in a field of seven, being beaten by Fay, Hancon, and Lynch. Next appeared in the Cornwall Regatta of 1862, in which were engaged his brother Joshua, John McGready, John Biglin, Hancon, and Burger. Gil got away with the lead, rowing a tremendous pace; was third man at two miles, and promising to be next the champion at the finish, when he unfortunately overset, and of course lost all chance of winning. In September, 1863, at Cornwall, beat Stephens, Hancon, and Burger; and at the Poughkeepsie Regatta of the same year, performed a like service for Bash, of Pittsburgh, Stephens, Biglin, and Burger. October 28th, 1863, was beaten by Stephens in a match-race for a purse, charging his defeat to want of proper training. He has been, for a month past, under the careful supervision of John Lawrence (who is training Josh for the champion race), who sent him off to the judges in superb condition. William H. Stephens, of Poughkeepsie, is thirty-seven years old, five feet eleven inches high, and weighs, when in condition, 165 lbs. He is by trade a cooper, and in the practice of his occupation brings into play the same set of muscles used in rowing, to which exercise the wielding of the heavy drawing-knife bears a strong resemblance. He made his *debut* as a sculler at the Newburgh Regatta of July 4, 1857, where, in company with Homer Wooden (another *lignum-vitæ* individual), he won the skiff-race with comparative ease, beating two crews of considerable local repute. He first appeared as an oarsman at the Albany Regatta of 1858. The four-oared race in this regatta promised to be particularly exciting, by reason of the anticipated meeting of the "Bryant" and "Brown" crews. These famous crews had just previously rowed a $1000 match—which, however, ended in a wrangle—and one of them (*which* had not yet been decided), it was conceded, was the champion crew of America. The list of entries, when closed, contained, in addition to the notables above mentioned, the boat "Stranger," of Poughkeepsie, with Stephens as "stroke," and Wooden, Leroy, and Benoway filling the other positions. Both boat and crew were unknown to the boating fraternity, and in the rage of speculation which preceded the race, when large sums were eagerly betted on the "Bryant" or "Brown," as partizanship or fancied "cuteness" dictated, but a modicum of attention was vouchsafed the "Stranger" and her freight, and still less when, upon the starting signal being given, she was left quickly in the rear by her practiced opponents, who had learned the art of starting in their many previous races.

The race—one of the finest ever witnessed by the writer—was friendly contested from start to finish; and, to the mortification of the *cognoscenti* and horror of the betting ring, was won by the despised "Stranger."

Since that time, Stephens and his crew have rowed wherever boating is encouraged, and have never, save once, failed to win the first prize. On the exceptional occasion, they were accidentally (?) fouled by a sail-boat, on that—to honest oarsmen—most treacherous of all waters, the Harlem River Course.

In the fall of 1861, those enthusiastic lovers of aquatic displays, the citizens of Poughkeepsie, offered liberal prizes for a scullers' race, and there entered, on the day appointed, Ward, the Champion; Biglin and McGready, famed Gothamites; Hancon, the sometime Champion; and Stephens. For the first time, the latter was provided with a regular scullers' boat; his first sculling race having been rowed in a common working skiff without outriggers. At this period, the struggle, is all the current regattas, was for *second* place—that Ward would win the *first* prize being a foregone conclusion—and as much glory fell to the lot of him who came in next to the Champion as though a victor. On the starting of the race, Stephens unshipped his port scull and thereby lost several lengths; but getting to work with great vigor, successively passed all save Ward, and arrived at the Judges' boat a good second: thus establishing a reputation as a sculler beyond cavil. Rowed next day in a sweepstakes with Biglin and Hancon; but, owing to several accidents, neither of the three completed the course. Three days afterwards beat Biglin for a purse of $200, with ease. Pulled second to Josh Ward, and beat Bert, of Hudson, in the Hudson Regatta of July 4th, 1862. Won the second prize in the Boston Regatta of July 4th, 1863—the first being won by Hamill, of Pittsburgh. In the Cornwall Regatta of Sept. 3d, 1863, beat Hancon and Burger, and was beaten by Gil Ward. Struck his colors to Gil Ward and Bash, of Pittsburgh, in a scullers' race at Poughkeepsie the day following Hamill and Ward's last match, and finished his boating season of '63 by defeating Gilbert Ward for a purse of $400, over the Poughkeepsie Course, Oct. 28th.

He has challenged Hamill, the Champion, on several occasions; but declining to row elsewhere than on the Hudson, has not been accommodated with a match. His style, which in his earlier races was awkward and laborious, though very effective, has much improved; and he may now be considered a skilful as well as a success-ful sculler.

Both men were provided with light, narrow boats—Stephens, intending to row his new 14 inch boat, and Gil, the Albany boat "Gipsy;" but, owing to the state of the water, they were obliged to exchange them for better "sea boats." Stephens entrusted his fortunes to the "Young Stranger," 26 feet long and 23 inches wide; while Gilbert piloted the "Willie D. Ward," 26 feet long and 20 inches wide.

When the men left the dock for the Judges' boat, the difference in their style of rowing was made very manifest. Stephens does most of his pulling astern of himself, and goes back so far as to nearly touch the combing. He rows his sculls, which are the same length as Ward's, nearly two inches farther outward. Gilbert's stroke strongly resembles that of his brother Joshua, with, perhaps, a little less polish.

At four o'clock and fifteen minutes the Judges gave the starting signal, and the men got away with a very even start. Ward, with half-a-dozen powerful strokes, obtained a lead of a length and a half; and then judiciously began to save himself, although still maintaining a slight lead. Both hugged the shore very closely, and arriving at the Steamboat Dock, the Cornwall man found himself in danger of ending his journey in the wheels of a steamer lying at the wharf, to avoid which he crossed the bow of his opponent, who, from inability or lack of presence of mind, failed to take advantage of this opportunity of fouling him and thereby winning the prize. Both men, owing to the high sea, were "catching crabs" repeatedly, and shipping water at each "crab." Two hundred yards from the start, Ward, then leading, broke his toe-strap at the end of a stroke, and, falling back in the boat, lost command of his oars and nearly capsized, Stephens meanwhile securing the lead. Gilbert, in despair, was about to give up the race; but taking a couple of strokes and finding that he gained on Stevens, was encouraged to proceed, and was soon alongside his competitor. At the end of a mile and a half he was leading comfortably, rowing well within himself and steering a much better course than Stephens, who appeared considerably distressed. After two miles had been traversed, Ward was so far in the front that he was enabled to stop rowing several times and take a look around. He reached the upper stake, turned it, and started for home long before his opponent arrived at that anxiously looked for point. With the remembrance of his half mile defeat at Poughkeepsie fresh upon him, Ward never slackened his stroke from this time out, and, rapidly increasing his lead, arrived at the Judges' yacht *ten minutes* in advance of the Poughkeepsie man, who, worn out and clearly defeated, did little else but pull down steadily from the upper stake. Time—Ward, 42½min.; Stephens, 52½min. Distance, 5 miles.

Both boats were full of water when hauled out, and the wonder was that the entire course was accomplished. Stephens ascribes his defeat to want of condition, bad weather, and a rent in the deck of his boat. The usual after-talk of a match resulted, we believe, in nothing tangible.

[The above report is furnished us by an eye-witness, and one well posted in boating affairs. "Our own reporter" was to have been there, but owing to the fact that neither of the boats advertised to leave New York for Cornwall fulfilled their promise, he was unable to reach his intended destination.—ED. CLIP.]

THE BOSTON REGATTA.

THE annual Fourth of July celebration of the city of Boston regatta was celebrated on that day on the waters of the Charles river, in the presence of thousands of spectators. The day was warm, bright and pleasant, a strong north-west breeze cooling the burning rays of the sun to an agreeable temperature, but at the same time rendering the water so very rough as at one time to cause a postponement of the proceedings to a later hour to be seriously contemplated. The starting point in the different races was from Brasman's Baths, down the river, and a finer course cannot be found anywhere. The banks of the river were lined with countless thousands of deeply interested spectators, to whom the regatta is annually a source of intense excitement, as it is regarded as one of the leading features of the celebration of the "Glorious Fourth," which is nowhere commemorated with warmer enthusiasm than in Boston. There were four races on the programme, the first for single sculls; the second for double sculls; the third for four oared boats; and the fourth and last for six oared boats. Precisely at 13 o'clock, M., the signal gun was fired from the judge's yacht, moored off Braman's Baths, and the boats entered for the single scull race came into line. There were nine boats entered, but owing either to a consciousness of inferiority on the part of some of the oarsmen, or some other cause, only four of them started; these were the "Friendship," rowed by the well-known Boston oarsman, Thomas Doyle; "Emma Lovett," rowed by J. H. Radford, of New York, a new and very promising oarsman; "Louise," by John Tyler, Jr., of Boston; and the "Eastern," by E. Harrington, of Boston. The absentees were Gilbert Ward, of Newburgh, (a brother of the ex-Champion), John Hancon, of Newburgh, and John A. Biglin and John Langford, both of New York. The race was two miles, and the prizes $100 for the first and $50 for the second. A capital start was effected, with the exception of Harrington, in the "Eastern," who lost half a dozen lengths, the New York oarsman (Radford) quickly taking a commanding lead, which he maintained throughout the race, winning easily by any number of lengths. The boat he rowed, the Emma Lovett, is owned in Boston, but was built by McKay, of New York: her length is 29½ feet, and width, 10 inches. Although a new aspirant for aquatic honors, Radford gives promise of one day occupying the very highest position among the oarsmen of the day; his stroke is quick, regular, powerful and sweeping, and his style of rowing was highly eulogised by many of our most experienced judges. Doyle came in second, and Harrington third; the time of the fourth was not taken.

First Race.—Two miles; single sculls; first prize $100; second prize, $50.

Boats.	Name of Rower.	Time.
1. Emma Lovett	J. H. Radford, New York	30s. 2½s.
2. Friendship	Thos. Doyle, Boston	30 32½
3. Eastern	E. Harrington "	21 21½
4. Louise	J. Tyler, Jr., "	not taken.

The second race was for double scull wherries, distance two miles; first prize, $100; second prize, $50. There were three entries, viz.: the "Edith," the "C. B. H.," and the "l'Hirondelle," all owned and rowed by Boston oarsmen. A good start was effected, the C. B. H. quickly showing ahead, and maintaining it throughout, won very easily. Both the other boats were swamped, owing to the rough water, the l'Hirondelle returning with only one oarsman, the other having swam ashore. She was so far behind that the time was not taken. Her claim of the second prize is in abeyance. The Edith did not return at all.

Second Race.—Two miles, double scull wherries; first prize, $100; second prize, $50.

Boats.	Names of Crews.	Time.
C. B. H.	P. J. Brennan and A. McGee, Boston	19m. and 18s.
L'Hirondelle	W. Brown and J. Hurley, Boston	Not taken.
Edith	Wells and McKaye, Boston	Not taken.

The third race was for four oared boats, three miles; first prize, $130; second prize, $80. There were four entries, the "George J. Brown," New York; "Volunteer," Boston; "McClellan," Boston; and the "Tickler," Boston. Only the McClellan and George J. Brown appeared when summoned, the crew of the New York boat declaring that as it was almost a certainty they would be swamped in such rough water if they rowed, they would not start, unless a third boat went also, so as to make a race. The committee offered to give them the second money if they would start, but the Brown crew declared that it was not the money they wanted, but a race in which the abilities of the different crews could be fairly tested. The judges, in courtesy to the New York boat, then agreed to postpone the other two races for three hours, as by that time the wind might abate, and the water become smooth enough for a good race. In consequence of this decision being announced, the majority of the spectators departed elsewhere. A new phase in the proceedings now was exhibited; the McClellan, with the Volunteer and Tickler, now came to the judge's boat, and declared they would not row if the race did not come off at once. Although it was evident that this proceeding was a concocted one to prevent the New York boat winning, as the crews of the Volunteer and Tickler had declared their intentions of not starting if the George J. Brown went, yet the committee decided on the race proceeding without any adjournment, as they had already announced. Of course it was only the semblance of a race, as the McClellan, in the absence of the New York boat, won easily, the Volunteer being second, and we presume the entire money was divided between the three crews.

Third Race.—Three miles, four oared boats; first prize, $130; second prize, 50.

Boats.	Names of Crew.	Time.
1. McClellan,	Jas. Hatton (stroke), J. Evans, M. Fox, Geo. Faulkner (bow), Boston	25m., 30s.
2. Volunteer,	D. Ryan (stroke), J. Hogan, T. McCormick, M. C. Glenson (bow), Boston	27m., 05s.
3. Tickler,	M. Doherty (stroke), T. Butler, J. McGaughay, C. Regan (bow), Boston	27m., 19s.

The fourth and last race was for the six oared boats, three miles; first prize, $175; second prize, $75. The three entries were the "Amphitrite," Boston; "Sophomore Class Boat '66," Harvard, and the "P. L. Tucker," New York. The latter took the lead from the start, and won easily, the Harvard boat being second.

Fourth Race.—Three miles, six oared boats; first prize, $175; second prize, $75.

Boats.	Names of Crew.	Time.
P. L. Tucker,	Dennis Leary (stroke), John A. Biglin, Jas. H. Biglin, John J. Eckerson, Wm. Burns, Bernard Biglin (bow), New York	22m. 04s.
Sophomore Class Boat '66,	Fred. Crowinshield (stroke), E. D. Wilkinson, Wm. Blakie, S. A. B. Abbott, E. H. Clark, Chas. H. B. McBurney, Harvard	22m. 34s.
Amphitrite,	J. Halton, M. Fox, G. Faulkner, P. Shaughnessy, L. Brennan, P. Foley, Boston	Not taken.

The judges were Messrs. Gardner and Rogers. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes delivered the prizes.

BOATING AT HARTFORD.

A correspondent, "Monteville," who appears to know whereof he writes, sends us a communication in regard to things aquatic in the above named city. It was intended for our last issue, but as we anticipated our day of publication it could not appear. He says:—"As I intimated in my last, boating has taken a start for the better, and there now exists considerable excitement among the old members, which has been the means of enlisting some new ones, and probably the formation of a new club. After the late race, the manager of our Fourth of July—the celebration here for the past two years has been mostly under the supervision of one man—offered two prizes; one for the same boats that pulled before and one for pair oared boats. The respective crews agreed to pull, and "went in" to get all the practice possible before the time set for the race. After repeated trials the "Watawah" crew came to the conclusion that they had no show with the "Una," although the allowance of time was large; so they began to look about them for a new boat very quietly, and finally secured one at Springfield named the "James Mackay," after the builder. She was built in 1860, I think; is a six oared lap-streak, and in good condition. Being a more modern built boat than the Una, she certainly looks more like a racer, consequently they will make a much better race than would the Watawah and Una. The latter crew were not aware that they were to pull against any other than their former opponent, owing to the quiet manner in which the purchase was made and the boat brought to town. Five of her crew went up to Springfield and rowed her to Windsor Locks, a trifle over half way, where they were met by a number of the club, and took supper. The race crew pulled her down to Hartford in two hours in the dark, and owing to the low water in the river were compelled to pull slow often, but notwithstanding they ran aground three times, they arrived about 10½ P. M., when they housed her, but the next morning it was well known that she was in town by the opposing crew. They were under the impression that they had an "easy thing," but now their case seems hopeless, as with certainly as good a crew and a better boat the old Watawah Club should win without "turning a hair." I had the pleasure of looking through the "Yale Boat House" at New Haven a few days since, also of witnessing one of their crews at practice before their commodore. It was the "Freshmen crew," in their new boat—a beauty, built by Mackay. The Commodore informed me that they had not been together long, and so I should judge myself, as there was great room for improvement; but eight weeks, with strict training, will produce wonderful results. The last regatta between Harvard and Yale took place at Worcester, in 1860, and probably finer racing never was witnessed in this country than during that day and the day following, which was the "City Regatta." At the latter the Gersh Banker made her unequalled time of 18:37. It was very evident, from the result of those races between the two colleges, that Harvard had "trained" to some purpose, as Yale had a decided advantage in boats, and I trust they have profited by the lesson. The race will take place at Worcester this year the latter part of July. This is positive. I make this statement, as I see it stated that it will be rowed at Providence, which is a mistake. It is expected that the "City" will give another regatta the day following. If so, I prophesy two splendid days' racing.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH.

In regard to boating and other sports at Hartford on the 4th, the above correspondent sends us another communication dated July 6th. As it is interesting, and in some respects a continuation of the above, we here give it place.

"The 'glorious 4th was ushered in by the firing of cannon, ringing of bells, &c., &c.,' just as the programme announced it would be; but with two, or perhaps three exceptions, our celebration was a fizzle. The firemen did not parade, but rather than disappoint the large crowd, some of them brought out their engines and had a friendly trial near the State House. John Denier performed, as announced, 'on the tight rope, stretched from the roof of the State House to a building opposite.' The balloon having burst from being blown on to some staging near by, was useless, and Prof. Bassett did not go up. This was a great disappointment to the crowd, especially that portion from the adjoining towns, which was largely in the ascendant. The horse trot drew together some eight hundred or a thousand people, but the feature that created the greatest excitement was the regatta. Long before the time, the banks of the river, wharves, and vessels were crowded with people, all anxious to obtain a good place to witness the contest. The first race was for a prize of $20, for paired-oared boats, distance two miles, two being entered, viz., the 'Oceola,' rowed by Jerry Crocker and George Breed, and the 'Sylph,' rowed by Charles A. Robinson and L. J. W. Corning. The former took a slight lead soon after starting. Corning was unfortunate in breaking an oar after having gone a quarter of a mile. The 'Oceola,' rather than take any undue advantage, returned, and they started again. The 'Oceola' soon took the lead, and maintained it throughout the race, coming in 34 seconds ahead; time, 15:35. Half an hour later, the six-oared boats were called up and took their positions for the three mile race. They were named and manned as follows:

Unknown.	*Una.*
1. G. B. Hubbell, stroke.	1. Jas. B. Burbank, stroke.
2. John G. Root.	2. Charles Wanzer.
3. S. A. Hubbard.	3. Samuel Huntington.
4. George F. Hills.	4. H. K. Brooks.
5. Captain J. R. Williams.	5. James B. Goodrich.
6. James A. Smith, Jr.	6. William L. Hall.
Ed Roberts, coxswain.	No coxswain.

"There was great interest manifested in this race by the respective partizans, extending in many cases to the ladies, who kept up a lively conversation upholding the merits of this or that one in such earnest terms, that could the two crews have heard them it would have inspired them to 'give her 50 boys,' and I should have been compelled to mark the time lower down. 'There they go—they're off,' was shouted on all sides. The Una was first to take the water, and, owing to the Unknown making a bad start, was enabled to get half a boat's length advantage, which she maintained until they came together less than a quarter of a mile from the starting point. The collision was unavoidable from this fact, that the boats were not started properly, their courses conflicting. After getting clear the Una shot ahead, and at one time was some three or four boats' length 'to the good,' and every one exclaimed 'the Una wins!' and it did look like a hopeless case for the Unknown; but when within a short distance of the turning boat, the Unknown put on steam and closed up rapidly, so that at the turn they came together again, but this resulted more to the advantage of the Una, as it helped her to round the stake boat. The Unknown was compelled to fall back, and when she swung around into the straight course again, 'let themselves out,' the Una in the meantime having got some three boats' lengths ahead. Half a mile from the lower stake boat the Unknown lapped the Una, and then came the tug; first one and then the other were a trifle ahead, and so continued for nearly half a mile. This was the finest part of the race. The Unknown finally forced ahead and gradually opened the gap, and although the Una made several fine spurts and strove hard to close up, the Unknown still kept the lead and came in 12 seconds ahead, after the most exciting race that ever occurred here. The Una immediately entered a protest on the ground of fouling, and an excited discussion was kept up for some time. The Una claimed that her tiller rope was broken at the first collision, thereby rendering her chance of winning hopeless. The judges decided that the race should be pulled again. The Unknown agreed to pull, but the Una declined, and it remains undecided.

Time—Unknown, 21:25; Una, 21:37. Prize, $30.

Truly yours, MONTEVILLE."

THAT CHALLENGE TO FOUR-OARED BOATS.—In a recent issue we published a challenge to four-oared boats, from Pittsburgh, signed "Twilight," to which as yet we have received no response. On the 7th inst., however, we received an endorsement of said challenge, from Joseph Bash of Pittsburgh, and, although the time is getting short, we here publish his communication, deeming it the better plan to bring about the desired arrangement. Here is his letter:

PITTSBURGH, July 5th, 1864.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* The challenge from the crew of the four-oared boat, Twilight, published in your last issue, is *bona fide*, although a forfeit did not accompany it. We are anxious to compete with your best oarsmen, and will meet all comers on the 20th day of this month (July), over the same course that Joshua Ward may select for the scull-race, for $1000 a side, and give each boat entering, $200 for expenses. As there are but two weeks intervening between now and the 20th, I would suggest that, if possible, the various crews might be notified, so that an answer may appear in your next issue. We mean expeditious business, and any letter or telegram on the subject will have prompt attention. Unless there is some indication of an acceptance of the challenge, we will take it for granted that your crack crews are careful of their laurels, and we, not having much time to spare, will have to be content with the challenge, if we don't get the race.

Respectfully, JOSEPH BASH.

P. S. On receipt of telegraphic acceptance of our challenge, we will forward a draft for five hundred dollars, to be placed in your hands as forfeit—the balance of the stake and an allowance for expenses to be paid in five days thereafter.

[The time fixed above, July 20th, is very short, and hardly enough for a crew to get into condition; therefore, as the Twilight crew, in anticipation of a match, have been some time at work, no doubt, they would have some advantage. However, perhaps the Brown, Stranger, or some other crew, may deem it expedient to take up this challenge; if so, we shall take pleasure in facilitating and expediting the making of such a match all in our power. Prompt action is evidently desirable.—ED. CLIP.]

Since receiving the above liberal offer from Joe Bash on behalf of the Twilight crew, Denny Leary called at our office, and to expedite matters we informed him of the Pittsburgher's terms, which elicited the following reply. It will be perceived that the Brown crew wish for the race to come off one week later, but we cannot see in what way the Twilight crew will object, as they are "right tu hum," and will have another week to practice in. The reason for putting it forward is owing to one of the New Yorkers having met with an accident to his right hand, which would hardly be well by the time the Pittsburghers propose to row, and has incapacitated him from taking his usual exercise in his boat. Should Joe Bash and the other members of the Twilight crew agree to the terms of the annexed card, they will please telegraph at once to us, or as instructed elsewhere, so as to enable them to be in Pittsburgh during the race between Ward and Hamill. Annexed is the reply to Mr. Bash's letter:—

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER: Seeing a challenge in your last issue purporting to come from the crew of the four-oared boat, Twilight, of Pittsburgh, to row any four-oared crew in the United States or British Provinces, for one thousand dollars a side, allowing crews coming from east of the mountains two hundred dollars for expenses, we, the undersigned crew of the George L. Brown, of New York, deeming the challenge to be bona-fide, will accept it to row for one thousand dollars a side, to row on the 28th day of July if the water is smooth, if not, to row the first fair day thereafter. If this suits them they can consider the match made, and answer through mail or by telegraph to 112 East 33d st., or CLIPPER office.

DENNIS LEARY,
JOHN A. BIGLIN,
JAMES H. BIGLIN,
BERNARD BIGLIN.

New York, July 9, 1864.

THE FORTHCOMING SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—The excitement is beginning to culminate in regard to this great aquatic event of 1864, and although but little betting has transpired in this cityt when the New Yorkers reach Pittsburgh we have no doubt tha, the laying of wagers will be very spirited, providing the Gothamites will be as ready to accept as the Pittsburghers will be to back their man. They are immense betters, and as we hear one of them remark at the last race, "if Ward only comes to Pittsburgh and beats Hamill, he can break the banks." Jimmey is well, hearty, and as confident as ever, determined to do or die this time, as he announces this as his last public race, and rather than get beat on his own waters he will exert every nerve to its utmost. Hamill's boat reached the Smoky City on the 2d inst., and he and his brother Johnny took it down to the boat house: Jimmey seems very well pleased with it. The new boat is nearly thirty feet long, is built of Spanish cedar, and weighs only thirty-seven pounds. She is covered fore and aft with oil silk. The sculls are nine and a half feet long and weigh only four pounds. Josh Ward was never better in his life, and if he loses it will not be, as his friends allege was the case in every race where he was defeated, because he isn't in condition. He has great confidence in himself, or would never undertake so long a journey, and as both of the men are reported in the best of trim, providing the weather is fine and they have an uninterrupted course, we have a right to expect some extraordinary rowing and the quickest five mile race they ever pulled. Dick Risdon, Josh's mentor, went on to Pittsburgh on the 9th inst. to select a suitable place for Ward to stop at previous to the race.

HARVARD VS. YALE.—A regatta is to take place on Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, on the 29th inst., to decide the question of muscular superiority betwixt Harvard and Yale. The former will send four boats, the latter probably as many. After Commencement some of the crews will go to the pond and practice there daily till the regatta comes off. It is urged that the city regatta take place on the 30th.

A COUNTER CHALLENGE TO THE PITTSBURGH QUARTETTE.—Just previous to going to press we received the following document from Toronto, C. W., dated July 8th. As it talks to the point in a business-like way, we presume the gentlemen of the Pittsburgh crew will give it polite consideration, and favor Messrs. Ardagh & Co. with a letter of acceptance, or one declining the offer, as the case may be:—

TORONTO, C. W., July 8, 1864.

ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*—In looking over the CLIPPER of last week, we observed a challenge purporting to come from a crew in Pittsburgh. We, the crew of the four-oared shell Prince Alfred, will pull the crew of the Twilight a five-mile race, half way between home and home—say Detroit—for not less than one thousand dollars a side, to pull in five weeks from signing articles. To show that we mean business, we have deposited two hundred dollars in the Bank of Montreal in this city.

We are, sir, yours most respectfully,
JOHN CLINDINNING, RICHARD ARDAGH,
JAMES HUMPHREY, WM. DILLON.

P. S.—All communications to be addressed to
R. ARDAGH, Toronto, C. W.

A YACHT RACE FOR $500.—A yacht race for a purse of $500 took place on the 6th inst., starting from off the Brooklyn Yacht Club House, between the following first class yachts:—Nonpareil, Captain Ira Smith; Quickstep, Captain Snedicker; Fleetwood, Captain Babcock; Laura, Captain Voghn; Partridge, Captain Nathan; Rachel, Captain Ellsworth. The boats started at one o'clock, and proceeded to the stake boat off Coney Island Point, thence around the buoy No. 9 and back again to the Club House, a distance of twenty-two miles. The first boat in was the Rachel, and the second the Fleetwood. The Laura broke her gaff, and had to withdraw from the race. It was an interesting race, and we are told that a good deal of speculation was indulged in.

SALE OF YACHTS IN BOSTON.—H. Harris & Co. sold at auction, on June 30, the celebrated yacht Haze, built by Steers, of New York, schooner-rigged, 92 tons burthen, 72 feet long, 18 feet beam and 7 feet depth. She had been painted, overhauled throughout, and was all ready for yachting purposes. The Haze is said to be the fastest yacht of her class afloat. She was sold to Messrs. Brown & Lovell (for parties in New York) for $6,400 cash. John Tyler also sold at auction the sloop yacht Ella and the schooner yacht Ripple, of about five tons burthen each. They brought good prices.

THE RING.

CON. FITZGERALD'S GREAT CHALLENGE.

HE WILL FIGHT ANY MAN IN THE COUNTRY
FOR $2000.

$100 LEFT IN OUR HANDS AS A FORFEIT.

A FEW weeks ago we inserted a challenge from a Novice offering to fight anything on two legs in this country for $500 a side, with the proviso that if Jim Heenan accepted it, the match could be on for $1000 a side. The first named amount was not sufficient to draw out the Pet of the Albany Regency, and Jim Heenan refused to have anything to do with it, remarking that if he fought one, he should have to fight everybody, and adding that he preferred making money in other ways outside of fighting—furthermore that he was not anxious to be considered a fighter, or anything more than any other man. If his friends cracked him up as being such a wonder, it was no fault of Jim's; therefore, except being a brother to John Camel, and a sporting man, he seeks no farther notoriety, leastwise, such notoriety as a milling match would bring, and wishes the fighting division to understand that it's of no use challenging him any more, or anybody putting up forfeits for him, as he has tied up milling (if he ever did any), altogether. As there was no way of bringing Con Fitzgerald and Jim Heenan together, much as the former desired it, Con, in company with some friends, called at our office on the 6th inst., and left the following bold challenge, accompanied by a $100 greenback for the acceptor to cover. It will be perceived that he bars neither country nor color, but issues his manifesto untrammelled, free for the acceptance of all, no matter of what size or weight. Con himself isn't a very big man, yet he considers built as nothing, anxious, as he is, to find out who we have amongst us to uphold the Championship during Coburn's absence. Thus speaks Cornelius:—

NEW YORK, July 7, 1864.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER—*Sir*—I hereby offer to fight any man in the United States, bar neither color, creed, or country—age, size, or weight—to fight me a fair stand-up fight for $1000 a side, at such time and place as may hereafter be agreed upon. I have heard of a number of would-be champions floating around, and have resolved to give any one of them a chance to uphold the title thereto. To show that this is no mouth brag, I herewith deposit the sum of $100 in your hands, for any man to cover who feels disposed, but I shall take no notice whatever of any reply unless the party sends the same amount of money, or, in other words, covers my deposit. This challenge to remain open two weeks for acceptance. Yours, etc., CON FITZGERALD.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above challenge was received, a sporting gentleman from Philadelphia has called upon us, offering to make the match for $5,000 or $10,000, providing one certain party takes it up. Knowing the man we speak of, personally, we can assure the public that this is no mere talk either, but he means it, every word of it. If we have any big fighting men at all, let them come and show cause, or forever after hold their peace.

THE NUNAN AND DORSEY MATCH.—It being the night after Fourth of July day, the crowd who assembled at the X-10-U-8 in Houston street, to see the second deposit of half-a-century apiece put up between Mike Dorsey and Mike Nunan, was not very numerous, comprising most of the regular *habitues* of the establishment. The proprietor, Harry Lazarus, Dick Hollywood, Harvey the Great, slim Jim, Johnny Dwyer, Johnny Lazarus, Jerry Conklin, and a few others, all "good fellows," as Harvey said, when they ordered Slim to fill up the glasses, were there, putting up their stumps right lively. Conklin, now that he owns a ting up their stumps right lively. Conklin, now that he owns a hotel of his own on the corner of Pearl and William streets, with but the glorious vintage to preserve up the malt, would have nothing two or three "queens" to serve up the malt, would have nothing after nine o'clock, Mike Nunan and his banker, Paddy Kiernan, together with a couple of friends, made their appearance, and the stakeholder not being present, the "paper" was handed to our reporter to transfer to that gentleman. Dorsey was there during the ceremony, and the two Michaels fraternized in an agreeable manner. Jem Colbert, from over the way, made his *debut* soon afterwards, in the Mill Song, a characteristic melody relating to how things were managed in the merry days of old, and, apart from a little *badinage*, the company enjoyed themselves very tolerably. Nunan intends taking a benefit shortly, at the Stuyvesant Institute. The third deposit of $50 a side has to be made good at Phil Clare's, 401 Columbia street, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, July 19th, between 8 and 10 P. M.

OWNEY GEOGHEGHAN VS. JACK TURNER.

A SHARP CRITIQUE ON MONSIEUR OWNEY.

WE have received the following explicit and pointed letter from Jack Turner, which we give entire, and shall be happy to hear what the host of the McClellan Shades has to say in response:

BOSTON, July 9th, 1864.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER—SIR: During the visit of Owney Geogheghan to this city, he advertised in various ways his willingness to fight any man in America at 130 lbs. for $2000 or $3000 a side. He even publicly displayed on his bills what purported to be a challenge to any 130 lb. man in America, give or take 2 or 4 lbs., for $2000 or $3000 a side. Previous to his exhibition, I saw him and offered to make a match on his own statement; he wished it deferred until the night of his exhibition, and at that time he refused to make the match at any other weight than 134 lbs. I then offered to fight him at 132 lbs., which I considered was giving him enough advantage in the matter of weight, my fighting weight being 128 lbs. My friends then thinking that he was acting the part of a "blower," offered to match me at his own weight, namely, 134 lbs., for $2000 a side, when he refused to make a match unless I gave him the privilege of naming the place of fighting. I also offered to make a deposit of $500 to make a match, the fight to come off in Canada, which I consider was as fair for one party as the other. He promised to attend in person on Monday, July 4th, at my place, and make a match, but has neither been seen or heard of since by me. My impression is—and his actions conclusively show—that Owney Geogheghan supposed that neither men nor money were to be found in Boston. A challenge heading an exhibition poster may be a good mode of advertising, but it is not appreciated here, by any means. If he means fighting, and not blowing, I now offer to fight him at 134 lbs., for $1000 or $2000 a side, the fight to take place in Canada in two months after signing articles. If Owney Geogheghan does not accept this, I will fight any man in America at 128 or 130 lbs., for $1000 or $2000 a side. A deposit left at the CLIPPER office will insure a match.

Yours respectfully, JACK TURNER,
London Tavern, No. 105 Merrimack street.

P. S.—The reason of my preferring to fight in Canada is, that I have once been imprisoned for fighting in the States, and I do not wish to get into any more trouble of a like nature. J. T.

MILLING IN OLD VIRGINNY.

A correspondent, "Arch King," sends along the subjoined account of a ring fight which came off at City Point, Va., on the 2nd inst. The principals were Jim Hubbell *alias* "Brown Boy," of Albany, and Dan Wells, *alias* "Tiger," of Lisbon Center, N. Y., seconded respectively by Jake Stidler and Al Garren for Hubbell, and Joe Ward and Pat McGee for Wells, Jim Brandt acting as referee.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The lads looked remarkably well, and evidenced a careful attention to training. They cut little time away in manœuvering, but Hubbel made a feint at the nob of Wells, who quickly avoided the intended compliment and let fly his left duke on Hubbell's jaw, after which there was some heavy hitting and counter hitting, when both men clinched, Hubbel being heavily thrown.

2. The combatants were prompt to time, Hubbel hopping around like the lively kid, while Wells was looking out for a squall. Wells let fly his right bower and caught Hubbal on the smeller, which caused the claret to flow freely. Loud and long cheering came from Wells' corner, there having been considerable money bet on first blood. The "smack in the snoot" did not seem to effect the iron nerve of Hubbel, for he let out right and left on Wells' mug and left peeper which staggered him, following up with a smashing right hander on the left temple which brought him to mother earth. First knock down and first blood for "Golden Bitters."

3. As they came up for the third round their countenances told of the manly struggle in the previous rounds. After some sparring, Hubbel made a feint, as usual, when Wells' dexter fin caught him on the right jaw. Wells was not slow in paying him back, retaliating at Hubbel with a hot 'un on the jugular. They then clenched, when Hubbel came the hug on his opponent, throwing and falling upon him heavily, which told more on Wells than all the previous rounds together.

4. Hubbel prompt to time, Wells looking tired. After sparring awhile, Wells let fly his right at the head, which was handsomely knocked off by Hubbel, who struck his opponent a terrible blow in return on the mug, when the men clenched, Wells being easily thrown.

5 and last.—Both slow to time. After some hitting and counter hitting they again clenched, Wells being easily thrown, and was unable to rise again, and McGee threw up the sponge

THE COCK FIGHT.

A Tale of Mexican Chivalry.

By this time Cordell had become considerably excited, and would rather have lost the wager than paid the forfeit. He insisted on a purchase, and offered as much silver as he could clutch in his hand for the meanest bird within the walls. Many eyes turned covetously upon the glittering offer, but nobody dared make the exchange. Then he took from his purse ten American eagles, and laid them one upon another in the palm of his hand, and offered all for a single Mexican game-cock. In an instant every vender was upon his feet, and their eagerness to sell was even greater than at the beginning.

But this last offer was simply an allurement to test their sincerity. Before it was made Cordell strongly suspected a combination to defraud the general out of the forfeiture. The ardent desire to gain possession of so large a sum of money convinced him, and he instantly resolved not to be overreached. To the surprise of all present, and to the chagrin of the avaricious venders, he very quietly replaced the eagles in his purse, and the purse in his pocket, and with a smile at their discomfiture, turned about and addressed the priest,—

"Reverend father," said he, with much deference; "I entreat that you will influence some of these venders to dispose of their property. They dare not disobey your behests, and whatever you direct they will speedily execute. It would be a mortification that so many well disposed people, met together on this bright morning of the Lord's day, to witness a little innocent amusement, should be obliged to disperse without the gratification."

"Indeed, sir," replied the man of God, "you attribute a power to me that I do not possess. I have no control over these young people's actions, and still less over their property. If they refuse to sell I have no power to coerce them; and if I had, have not the right. Nor is it to me a matter of much consequence. Of course I should prefer to win the wager, but am not avaricious, and if needs be can content myself with the forfeit."

There was a *sang froid* about the manner of the priest that chafed the proud spirit of Cordell, and the more as he was unable to divine the cause of the strange behavior among the venders. From his knowledge of their acquisitive disposition, he felt entirely confident that some unseen influence was exerted over them, or that they were acting in concert for a fraudulent purpose.

I saw that he was puzzled and hastened to explain the mystery. From my elevated position I could distinctly see all that occurred within the arena, and I had noticed that when Cordell approached the first vender the old priest prevented the sale by his pious ejaculations. I afterwards observed that, on each successive application, the vender, before he replied, looked at the priest, who, in every instance, forbade the exchange by a significant gesture of his long, bony finger. I remarked, also, that when the ten eagles were offered, a nod of his old grey head had placed every bird within the power of the purchaser.

When Cordell came to understand the character of the fraud practised, he quietly turned round, and slipping his hand under the stakeholder's blanket, fastened upon his coat-collar with the grip of a vice.

"Now," said he, addressing the wily old priest, "having voluntarily placed yourself in a dilemma, you may cling to whichever horn you prefer. One of two things you must do, and without delay; either you must furnish a cock to complete the match, or relinquish the stake without the forfeit."

Quite a sensation prevailed among the bystanders when these words were rendered into Spanish. Significant looks were exchanged by the alguazils, several of whom were present to preserve order and quiet. The old priest, without alluding to the charge, began at once to palaver about the principles of honor and the rules of the cock pit.

Meanwhile the stakeholder managed to convey the purse with the wagers into the hands of the dandy, who immediately tried to escape from the edifice. Perceiving that Cordell's object was likely to be defeated by the secret transfer, I quietly descended from my elevated position, and opportunely intercepted the fugitive.

Baffled on every hand, the villainous old priest, with a most sanctimonious seeming, turned to protest his innocence and crave the general's interference; but to his utter amazement, the brigadier, who was sober enough to comprehend the frand, was standing on his feet with his ominous revolver aimed directly at his consecrated crown.

"You cursed old shaveling," said he, "if you don't secure me a cock in the twinkling of an eye, I'll send your soul in hot haste to the devil."

These words terminated the dimculty. The holy man, trembling in his shoes, promised to use his best endeavors. Calling to a little ragged boy, whose arms clasped to his breast an ungainly cockerel, not yet full grown, he directed him to bring it forward for vendition. Cordell insisted on the right to make his own selection, but the general, already grown impatient in consequence of the unnecessary delay, authorized the purchase, and begged that the contestants might be speedily armed for the fight.

In a few minutes the pit was vacated, except by the cockers to whom was entrusted the preparation of the combatants. At length, everything being in readiness, the general desired to address his champion before the strife commenced. The request excited some mirth among the Mexicans, but was promptly complied with by the gamekeeper. The general put forth his hand, and taking the cockerel by the bill, turned his head to one side and addressed him in the following terms:

"My good fellow," said he, with an air of sincerity, admirably assumed, "the relation we sustain to each other makes it my duty, before you enter the arena, to impress upon your mind a proper sense of the responsibility that rests upon you in this trying moment. By the usages that everywhere prevail among the politer States of our republic, I have this day become your master by solemn purchase, and have a right to dispose of your service in whatever way may best subserve my purposes. But I design you for an example of my magnanimity.

"Upon the issue of the fight in which you are about to engage entirely depends the condition of your future existence. If you are defeated, you will be condemned to perpetual slavery; but if you are victorious, you will be freed from your bondage, invested with the rights of citizenship, and adopted into the great family of American fighting cocks.

"In the coming contest you are to represent the freest and happiest people on the face of the earth, and to your keeping is entrusted the honor of their most glorious nation. The result of this combat will be emblematical of the conclusion of the war in which they are now engaged. If you are conquered, all that Taylor has achieved in the mountains Scott will lose in the valley; but if you are triumphant, I shall expect to celebrate the anniversary of our national independence over a hasty plate of soup at the table of the victorious general, in the palace of the Montezumas.

"Go, sir, and do your duty; and may the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, and of the Thirteen United Colonies, preserve you from defeat, and your nation from disgrace."

When this address wes concluded, Guy Winthrop, from the opposite side of the amphitheatre, cried with a loud voice, "Three cheers for General M——." Immediately a score of hats went up, and as many voices followed in a concert of shouts that excited the wonderment of the whole neighborhood. In the brief quiet that ensued, the interpreter gave a condensed translation of the speech, which was received with shouts of laughter.

Presently one of the inferior alcades of the city made his appearance, and the hilarity of his constituents quickly subsided into a murmur of gratification, for he was judge of the combat. He walked forward with a stately tread, and ascended a flight of winding stairs, consisting of seven steps, to a place not unlike one of the ash-hopper pulpits fashionable in the time of Jonathan Edwards. Having seated himself and wiped the perspiration from his brow, he waved his baton, and the gamekeepers forthwith placed the champions on the ground and retired.

The representative of Mexico was a full-grown, well-proportioned, vain-glorious game-cock of the red feather, and as fine a specimen of his breed as was ever pitted. His head and neck were thickly covered with a rich plumage of crimson hue, which mingled with the yellow on his breast, as the light blends with the shade in the mezzotino. His back and shoulders were purple, and also his wings, which were lightly tipped with black. His sides and thighs and the under part of his wings were scarlet interspersed with yellow. His legs and beak were orange, and his eyes like globules of blood. His crescent tail, which swept the ground like the skirt of a fashionable lady's dress, was a happy mixture of glossy black and fiery vermilion. His broad single comb, with its sharp, triangular teeth, fell gracefully upon one side like the waving plume of a Kossuth hat, and his whole appearance from the crown of his head even unto the soles of his feet, was that of a Mexican commander at a grand review.

Very different was the appearance of the ungainly cockerel chosen as the representative of five-and-twenty millions of freemen—and some slaves. He was in truth a gawky fellow, not unlike a youth that had shot up a foot or so beyond his years. His manner was decidedly awkward, and his dress shabby and neglected, especially the tail, which was in rather a tattered condition. His outer covering consisted of a thin suit of short feathers of divers colors, intermixed in a most peculiar manner; but there was neither jet black nor snow white, deep green nor blood red; all were dull and dingy, and disagreeable.

In other respects he was equally remarkable. He was tall and slender, and carried a high head on slight supporters; but, like many of the people he represented, what he lacked in substance he made up in show, for his legs were of the exact lustre of gold. Altogether, he looked as much like a native of Pike county as any Missourian that ever measured six feet and three in his yellow unmentionables; and his damaged tail strongly resembled Doniphan's men on their arrival at Buena Vista, fresh from the wilderness.

But it must be borne in mind that this monster bird, upon whose glittering gaffles hung the glory of a great nation, was only a last year's chicken. He had not yet attained his complete stature, nor his limbs their just proportions, nor his feathers their full length, nor his colors the gloss and brilliancy of ripe maturity; even his spurs had not yet protruded through the skin of his ankles. Nevertheless his step was firm, and his bearing fearless, and his lustrous eyes flashed with the fire of defiance.

There was one thing in his appearance particularly worthy of mention. The many colors of his plumage, like those of the prism, nicely intermixed, yet preserved their distinctness. But while the casual observer saw nothing remarkable in the spotted breast and striped back, Guy Winthrop, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, discovered in the one the great canopy of stars, and in the other the bright rainbow of promise; and by a flourish of the imagination, a poetical license that prosers know nothing about, instantly metamorphosed the motly bird into the American flag. It must be confessed that the resemblance was not very striking, but the idea was happily conceived under the circumstances, and three simultaneous shouts went up from the volunteers for the success of the glorious stripes and stars.

For several moments the proud champion of Mexico looked upon his uncouth antagonist with surprise, and afterwards with curious scrutiny. It was very evident, if his manner was a truthful indication, that he regarded him as a half-fledged upstart, only worthy of his contempt. But on reflection he resolved to punish him for his rash presumption, as Walpole did the future Earl of Chatham. Full of this determination, he dropped his head and tail to a level with his back, and rushed furiously athwart the pit, aiming a death blow at his devoted head.

Meanwhile, the champion of America, highly delighted with his shining spurs, upon which was centered his entire attention, fell into a foolish reverie, and quite forgot the business in which he was engaged. It was well for his honor and safety that a considerable space separated him from his adversary, else he might have bitten the ground without striking a blow for his life, and the cause he represented. But the pompous preparation of his indignant foe aroused him to a full sense of his danger, and the intervening space saved him from immediate destruction.

There was something truly admirable in his manner as he raised his head and squared himself for the onset. To all appearance a violent collision was inevitable, and the result was awaited with breathless anxiety. But in this instance, as in many others of much more importance, anticipation was not realized; the spectators were disappointed, and the old warrior surprised and mortified. His wily adversary, like the great Washington, quietly stood upon his defence until the sword was raised to strike the blow, then crouched and disappeared, leaving the victor to digest his wonderment as best he could, while he was dealing a counter blow, with bloody effect, in his unprotected rear.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BALL PLAY.

Matches Arranged.

JULY 13.—Empire vs. Active, return game, first nines, at Hob'kn.
20.—Atlantic vs. Eagle, first nines, single game.
28.—Resolute vs. Athletic, on the Olympic Ball ground, Philadelphia, at 3 P. M.
29.—Resolute vs. Camden, at Camden, at 9 A. M.
29—Resolute vs. Keystone, on the grounds of the latter, at 3 P. M.
30.—Resolute vs. Olympic, on the Olympic ground, at 3 P. M.

ACTIVE OF NEW YORK vs. EUREKA OF NEWARK.

These clubs played their first game together at Newark on the Fourth of July, in the presence of the largest assemblage of spectators ever seen at a ball-match at Newark, an unusually numerous delegation of the fair sex being present. The two clubs were strongly represented when the game began, but in the second innings the Eurekas lost the services of Pennington from sickness, Collins taking his place. Little else but a victory was anticipated for the Eurekas, and the close of the play in the first innings only led to more confidence in such a result. Before the termination of the second innings, quite a different feeling prevailed, inasmuch as the totals had been changed from 4 to 0 in favor of the Eurekas, to 17 to 6 against them. This, of course, put Active stock up at par, but it did not depress the Eurekas much, as there was ample time to retrieve their lost ground, and this they promptly went to work to do, and they played such a creditable up-hill game that the totals, when the Actives went in to their last innings, were 27 to 27. The scoring of 17 runs in the second innings was something unknown in the annals of the Eureka club, it being seldom such a total had been obtained against them in a full game, much less in one innings. It was mainly due to [illegible] in the fielding of the Eurekas, although the good batting of their opponents merited the success they obtained, four home runs testifying to their good play. Take this game altogether, in fielding, it was not up to the mark of the skill either club is capable of, by any means. We have not seen the Eurekas play to less advantage in the field than on this occasion. We should like to comment in detail on the play of the match, but we are so crowded this week with matches that we have to be brief in our reports. On the part of the Eurekas, Northrup did his duty the most thoroughly of any in the nines, Bomeisler's play in the field, especially in fly-catching, being also noteworthy. Mills was also effective at third base, and Thomas at short field. On the Active side, Page, Walker and Rooney acquitted themselves well throughout, and Rogers and Wells did their duty. The character of the Eureka grounds is such as almost to force fielders into the fly-game, the bound being very uncertain in all parts of the field. In batting, Northrup led the Eureka score, and Rogers that of the Active. The umpire gave impartial decisions, but did not observe the new rule at all, that we noticed. We append the score:—

BATTING.

EUREKA.	H. L.	R.	ACTIVE.	H. L.	R.
Northrup, 1st b	2	5	Wells, 3d b	4	3
Thomas, s s	3	4	Page, 2d b	2	5
Collins, 2d b	2	4	Rogers, 1st b	1	5
Callaway, l f	5	2	Rooney, c	4	3
Brientnall, c	4	3	Stoutenberg, s s	5	2
Littlewood, c f	2	4	Hibbard, r f	2	5
Burroughs, p	3	1	Vanderwerken, l f	3	2
Mills, 3d b	3	2	Simonson, c f	5	1
T Bomeisler, r f	3	3	Walker, p	2	3
Total	27		Total	29	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eureka	4	2	4	1	5	0	0	9	2	—27
Active	0	17	0	1	1	3	5	0	2	—29

Umpire—Mr. Wilson, of the Empire club.
Scorers—Messrs. Holman and Williams.
Passed balls—Brentnall, 11; Rooney, 10.
Home runs—Northrup, 1; Littlewood, 1; Hubbard, 2; Rogers, 1; Wells, 1; Rooney, 1.
Fly catches made—Bomeisler, 3; Brentnall, 3; Callaway, 2; Thomas, 1; Littlewood, 1—total, 10. Page, 2; Rogers, 1; Stoutenberg, 1—total, 4.
Catches missed—Bomeisler, 3; Brentnall, 2; Mills, 2; Callaway, 2; Thomas, 1; Rooney, 1; Rogers, 1.
Struck out—Brentnall, 1.
Run out—Burroughs, by Page and Rogers.
Put out on bases—Eurekas, 11 times; Actives, 10 times.
Put out on foul balls—Eurekas, 4 times; Actives, 6 times.
Time of game—three hours.

NASSAU, OF PRINCETON, VS. ATHLETIC, OF PHILADELPHIA.—An exciting contest took place between these clubs at Philadelphia, on the Olympic ball grounds, on the 30th of June, the result being in favor of the Athletics by the following score:—

BATTING.

ATHLETIC.	H. L.	R.	NASSAU.	H. L.	R.
Kleinfelder, c	2	2	Millspaugh, l f	4	1
Berkenstock, 1st b	3	1	Warren, r f	4	1
Smith, 3d b	3	2	Halsey, s s	4	1
Alreich, 3d b	3	2	Henry, p	3	1
Collom, r f	3	1	McIlvaine, c	2	2
Gaskill, l f	4	1	Brinkerhoff, c f	4	0
McBride, p	3	1	Condit, 1st b	2	2
Luengene, c f	4	2	Rankin, 2d b	1	1
Malone, s s	2	2	Crocheron, 3d b	3	0
Total	14		Total	9	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Athletic	3	2	1	1	2	1	0	2	2	—14
Nassau	1	0	1	2	0	1	3	1	0	— 9

Umpire—Mr. Mulliner, of the Camden club.
Scorers—Messrs. Benson and Milligan.
Passed balls—Kleinfelder, 12; McIlvaine, 10.
Catches missed—Kleinfelder, 2; Collom, 2; Smith, 1; Malone, 1; Alreich, 1; Millspaugh, 2; Crocheron, 1.
Fly catches made—Kleinfelder, 2; Berkenstock, 3; Alreich, 3; Gaskill, 1; Malone, 2—total, 11. Halsey, 1; McIlvaine, 4; Brinkerhoff, 1; Crocheron, 1—total, 7.
Foul bound catches—Kleinfelder, 5; McIlvaine, 3.
Put out on foul balls—Athletic, 8 times; Nassau, 7 times.
Put out on bases—Athletic, 6 times; Nassau 6 times.
Run out—McBride, by Rankin and Condit; Condit by Berkenstock and Alreich.
Left on bases—Athletic, 6 times; Nassau, 4 times.
Struck out—Brinkerhoff, 2; Berkenstock, 1; Alreich, 1.
Home runs—Alreich, 1.

Mrs. John Drew very courteously invited the Nassaus and their friends to attend her theatre on Thursday evening, and on Friday night the Athletics entertained them very handsomely at the house of their president. Members of the Camden, Keystone and Mercantile clubs participated in this private re-union.

UNKNOWN VS. IRVING.—A base ball match was played between these clubs, at Mount Morris square, on July 4th, about 1500 spectators being present. After a well played game of nine innings, lasting one hour and a half, the result was in favor of the Irvings by the following score:—

BATTING.

UNKNOWN.	H. L.	R.	IRVING.	H. L.	R.
Finche, c	2	2	Chadsey, c f	2	4
Palm, c f	4	1	McGinnis, l f	3	2
Robbins, 1st b	2	2	Duncan, 3d b	1	4
Whalen, p	3	1	Martin, p	5	1
Hoyt, 3d b	2	1	Totten, c	4	1
Donavan, s s	3	0	Williams, 1st b	3	2
Brown, 2d b	4	0	Perrin, s s	1	4
Jaycox, l f	3	1	Coles, r f	5	0
Martin, r f	4	0	Egbert, 2d b	3	1
Total	8		Total	19	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Unknown	0	0	1	2	0	3	1	1	0	— 8
Irving	2	1	6	1	3	1	5	0	0	—19

Umpire—James Graff, of the Woodlawn club.
Scorers—Messrs. J. L. Egbert and W. S. Ames.

NASSAU VS. MUTUAL.—The Nassau club of Princeton obtained a signal victory over the Mutuals of New York, at Hoboken, on the 4th of July, by a score of 19 to 10 in a full game. The Mutuals had a good team out, 6 of the 9 being regular first nine players, and the substitutes were good men for the positions they occupied. The score:—

BATTING.

NASSAU.	H. L.	R.	MUTUAL.	H. L.	R.
Milspaugh, l f	1	3	Brown, l f	3	2
Warren, c f	3	2	Duffy, 3d b	4	1
Halsey, r f	3	3	Goldie, 1st b	4	1
Hewey, p	4	2	Reid, s s	4	0
McIlvaine, c	4	1	Zeller, 2d b	3	1
Rankin, 2d b	2	4	Kelly, r f	3	1
Condit, 1st b	5	1	McMahon, c	2	2
Crocheron, s s	2	1	McCullough, c f	2	1
Mudge, 3d b	2	2	Burns, p	2	1
Total	19		Total	10	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Nassau	7	3	1	1	0	1	6	0	0	—19
Mutual	1	2	1	3	0	1	0	0	2	—10

Umpire—Mr. Miller, of the Empire club.
Scorers—Messrs. Little and McConnell.
Time of game—three hours.

NASSAU VS. STAR.—The game between these clubs, played at South Brooklyn on July 5th, resulted in a well-earned victory for the Nassaus by a score of 26 to 22 in a full game of two and three-quarter hours' duration. The match was very interesting and well-contested. The game was played on the fly, the Star refusing, and consistently, too, to play any other. The score:—

BATTING.

STAR.	H. L.	R.	NASSAU.	H. L.	R.
Waddell, 1st b	4	2	Milspaugh, l f	2	4
Flanders, s s	3	3	Warren, c f	3	4
Morris, c f	2	4	Halsey, r f	4	2
Thompson, c	3	2	Hewey, p	2	3
Laurence, p	0	4	McIlvaine, c	2	5
McDiarmed, 2d b	4	2	Rankins, 2d b	3	4
Kipp, 3d b	4	1	Condit, 1st b	6	0
Lennon, r f	4	1	Crocheron, s s	1	2
Norton, l f	3	3	Mudge, 3d b	4	2
Total	22		Total	26	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Star	1	0	5	0	7	3	6	0	0	—22
Nassau	1	0	0	5	3	9	0	5	3	—26

Umpire—Mr. Steele, of the Atlantic club.
Scorers—Messrs. Cooper and Little.
Passed balls—McIlvaine, 4; Thompson, 9.
Home runs—Warren, 1; Halsey, 1; Norton, 1; Morris, 1; Mitchell, 1; McDiarmed, 1.
Fly catches made—Morris, 2; Thompson, 2; Flanders, 2; McDiarmed, 1; Waddell, 1; Norton, 1—total, 9. McIlvaine, 5; Mudge, 3; Rankin, 1; Henry, 1—total, 9.
Catches missed—Morris, 1; Kipp, 1; McIlvaine, 1; Milspaugh, 1; Halsey, 2; Condit, 1; Warren, 1.
Put out on bases—Nassau, 13 times; Star, 14 times.
Put out on foul balls—Nassau, 7 times; Star, 7 times.
Struck out—Thompson, 1; Norton, 1.
Time of game—two hours and forty-five minutes.

NASSAU VS. ATLANTIC.—This was the finest played game the Atlantics were ever engaged in. It took place at Bedford on July 6th, the result being a signal victory for the Atlantics by a score of 42 to 7 in a quickly-played full game of two hours and a quarter's duration. The Atlantics scored no less than 28 runs in their first three innings, to three on the part of their opponents, their display, both at the bat and in the field, being the finest they ever have made. The Nassaus also fielded and batted well, but on this occasion their good play failed to meet the reward it merited. The score:—

BATTING.

ATLANTIC.	H. L.	R.	NASSAU.	H. L.	R.
Pearce, c	3	5	Milspaugh, l f	4	1
Smith, 3d b	3	5	Warren, 3d b	3	1
Start, 1st b	2	6	Halsey, r f	2	1
Crane, 2d b	3	5	Henry, p	3	0
P. O'Brien, c f	2	4	McIlvaine, c	4	0
Galvin, s s	2	5	Rankin, 2d b	4	0
Chapman, l f	4	4	Condit, 1st b	3	2
Pratt, p	5	4	Crocheron, s s	2	1
S. Smith, r f	3	4	Mudge, c f	2	1
Total	42		Total	7	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	6	13	8	0	0	4	3	8	0	—42
Nassau	1	1	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	— 7

Umpire—Mr. S. Burns, of the Mutual club.
Scorer—Mr. Mowlein.
Passed balls—Pearce, 4; McIlvaine, 2.
Home runs—Start, 2; Pratt, 2; Smith, 1; Halsey, 1.
Struck out—Pratt, 1.
Fly catches made—Milspaugh, 3; Rankin, 3; McIlvaine, 2; Crocheron, 1; Halsey, 1—total, 10. Pearce, 2; Smith, 1; Start, 1; Crane, 1; P. O'Brien, 1; Galvin, 1; Chapman, 1; Pratt, 1; S. Smith, 1—total, 10.
Catches missed—Pearce, 1; Crane, 1; Chapman, 1; McIlvaine, 1; Crocheron, 1; Milspaugh, 1; Henry, 1.
Put out on bases—Atlantic, 5 times; Nassau, 9 times.
Put out on foul balls—Atlantic, 4 times; Nassau, 3 times.
Run out—Rankin and Mudge, by Crane.
Time of game—two hours and fifteen minutes.

NASSAU VS. EUREKA.—The match between these clubs, which was played at Newark on the 7th inst., resulted in a decided victory for the Eurekas, by a score of 24 to 12. Their play on the occasion was nearer like that in their game with the Empires than on the 4th of July, but it was not what it should have been. Their batting was far superior to their fielding. Mills being the only one that did his duty in this respect. The contest was quite an enjoyable one, and was the last game of the Nassaus. The score:

BATTING.

NASSAU.	H. L.	R.	EUREKA.	H. L.	R.
Milspaugh, l f	2	2	Northrup, 1st b	0	6
Jacobi, c f	4	1	Thomas, s s	1	4
Halsey, r f	4	1	Bomeisler, 2d b	5	1
Henry, p	4	1	Callaway, l f	4	2
McIlvaine, c	3	1	Brientnall, c	3	3
Rankin, 2d b	3	1	Littlewood, c f	5	2
Condit, 1st b	2	2	Burroughs, p	3	2
Crocheron, s s	3	1	Mills, 3d b	3	2
Mudge, 3d b	2	2	Collins, r f	3	2
Total	12		Total	24	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Nassau	1	4	2	0	0	0	0	2	3	—12
Eureka	5	3	0	2	4	0	4	5	1	—24

Umpire—Mr. Russell, of the Empire club.
Scorers—Messrs. Walden and Vanderpoel.
Passed balls—Brientnall, 2; McIlvaine, 14.
Home runs—Northrup, 1; Brientnall, 1; Milspaugh, 1; Rankin, 1.
Struck out—Collins, 1.
Fly catches made—Crocheron, 3; Jacobi, 2; McIlvaine, 2; Condit, 2; Hankins, 1; Henry, 1—total, 11. Brientnall, 2; Burroughs, 2; Thomas, 1; Littlewood, 1; Callaway, 1; Mills, 1—total, 8.
Catches missed—McIlvaine, 2; Halsey, 2; Henry, 2; Rankin, 1; Condit, 1; Brientnall, 2.
Put out on bases—Eureka, 7 times; Nassau, 8 times.
Put out on foul balls—Eureka, 4 times; Nassau, 5 times.
Run out—Rankin, by Northrup; Crocheron, by Bomeisler.
Time of game—two hours and twenty minutes.

THE COLLEGE BASE BALL MATCH.—A very interesting game was played between nines of the classes of '67 of the Harvard and Brown Colleges at Providence, on June 25th, the score of which we can only find room for:—

BATTING.

BROWN.	H. L.	R.	HARVARD.	H. L.	R.
Durfee, p	4	1	Morton, c	3	3
Goff, c	3	2	Tower, r f	3	4
Brown, 1st b	3	1	F. Stearns, l f	4	3
Dorrance, 2d b	3	1	Gray, c f	2	5
Blodget, 3d b	2	1	Ames, 2d b	2	5
E. Ames, s s	4	0	Hunnewell, p	3	1
H. Stearns, l f	2	2	Lindsley, s s	3	2
Fielding, r f	2	0	Bryant, 3d b	4	1
Stone, c f	4	0	Lambert, 1st b	3	2
Total	8		Total	26	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Brown	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	1	— 8
Harvard	4	3	1	2	1	4	1	7	3	—26

GOTHAM VS. EAGLE.—These clubs played their first game together this season, on the Gotham grounds, on July 1st, the result, after a quickly played and well contested game of nine innings, being in favor of the Gotham by a score of 22 to 16. The Gotham had a fine team out and completely retrieved the defeat they sustained at Newark. The Eagle missed Salisbury, and Yates was not in trim for play. The decisions of the Umpire were excellent in all respects:—

BATTING.

GOTHAM.	H. L.	R.	EAGLE.	H. L.	R.
Thom, p	3	3	Yates, 1st b	5	1
G Wright, c	1	5	Sloat, c	2	2
Squires, s s	2	3	Bogart, c f	4	2
Dockney, l f	3	3	Doremus, p	5	1
Cohen, 3d b	1	4	Schaffer, s s	3	1
Stokes, c f	5	1	Clark, 3d b	2	2
H Wright, 1st b	2	1	Simmons, l f	2	3
Barlow, r f	3	1	Chapin, r f	2	2
Gibney, 2d b	3	1	Collins, 2d b	2	2
Total	22		Total	16	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Gotham	9	1	6	1	1	2	0	1	2	—22
Eagle	2	3	2	0	3	0	4	0	2	—16

Umpire—Mr. Miller, of the Empire.
Scorers—Messrs. Roe and Hussey.
Passed balls—G. Wright, 4; Sloat, 6.
Struck out—Yates, 1.
Fly catches made—H. Wright, 3; Gibney, 2; Cohen, 1; Stokem, 1; G. Wright, 1—total, 8. Bogart, 2; Yates, 1; Schaffer, 1; Clark, 1; Simmons, 1; Collins, 1—total, 7.
Catches missed—Sloat, 2; Schaffer, 1; G. Wright, 2; Cohen, 2; Gibney, 1; H. Wright, 1.
Put out on bases—Eagle, 8 times; Gotham, 7 times.
Put out on foul balls—Eagle, 4 times; Gotham, 3 times.
Run out—Sloat, by G. Wright and Cohen; Simmons, by Thorn.
Time of game—two hours.

JUNIOR BASE BALL CONVENTION.—An adjourned meeting of the Junior Convention of Base Ball Players will be held on Wednesday evening, July 13th, at Gotham Cottage, Bowery. A full attendance is desired.

THE NEW RACE COURSE AT SARATOGA, which is now completed, is claimed to be the best in the country. It is exactly one mile, in the most approved form, there being two parallel straight stretches and two half circles or curves, the former being 37 feet 10 inches over a quarter of a mile, and the latter each the same distance less than a quarter.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

DETERMINED CONTEST
BETWEEN
JOE WORMALD (THE "COMING MAN" FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP)
AND
GEORGE ILES, *alias* JACK HICKS' BIG 'UN.

The catch weight contest, for £100 a side, between these two competitors, was decided in the home circuit on Wednesday, June 16, and brought forward all the celebrities of the ring, from Jem Mace to Peter Free. The rail and the river were taken in order to bring the matter to an issue, but when the ring had been formed in a suitable spot, and the men within the ropes at a few minutes past four o'clock, a whole posse of constables appeared, and a move elsewhere had to be made. The fight commenced at twenty-seven minutes past five o'clock; Bob Travers and Jack Hicks seconding the Big 'Un, and Bos Tyler and Baldock the conquering hero—Wormald. Mace was in Wormald's corner. Level money was at first laid, but the current betting was 5 to 4 on Iles.

Joe Wormald stands about six feet high; is a fine made young fellow, twenty-three years of age; was born at Poplar, and worked as a hammerman in some of the various factories in that quarter. He first came under the notice of the sporting world as Hicks' Big 'Un. The worthy host of the King's Arms, Whitechapel—Jem Ward's old East-end-house—who is ever on the look-out for good ones (and likes them of a colossal order), took quite a fancy to Master Joe, and, after putting his neophyte hammerman actively through the mill, found promise of great things in his composition. In point of fact, Hicks was not slow in giving the office to all friends round the wrekin that Joe Wormald was the most promising big 'un he had ever seen, and, without doubt, was the coming man for the championship. Furthermore, Hicks offered to back Joe against anything for £25 a side. This challenge was quickly accepted by Smith, better known as Mace's Black, who was known to be shifty and pretty clever, and a good lump of a fellow. This was thought to be a good trial horse for Master Joseph; articles were duly signed, and the belligerent parties fought on Whit Tuesday, 1863, for four hours and twenty-five minutes—one hundred and odd rounds—when darkness came on while the flag of victory seemed in the grasp of Joe. The referee declared it to be a draw, much to the delight of the *dark division*. After this, Wormald was engaged in accompanying Jem Mace in a sparring tour through the United Kingdom, and the continual practice he now had with such an accomplished illustrator of the art of self defence as Mace, proved of wonderful service to him. He improved day by day in the most rapid manner, and gained great praise from his grand *maestro*—the opponent of American Coburn. As we have mentioned, Mace done him a world of good, and expressed a wish that Hicks would match him for £100 a side against Andrew Marsden of Nottingham (the same man who fought Baldwin), promising at the same time to find Joe the sum of £40. The match was accordingly made, but when £60 a side had been placed in the hands of the final stakeholder, Jack Hicks, on the part of Wormald, refused to go on—Mace crying off in his share and Master Joseph not having been quite the good boy which he unquestionably ought to have been, considering what a vital interest he had in training properly for the encounter. Folly ever brings with it its reflection; on the self-same principle that after a storm comes a calm. He did not see his error till too late, and when the die was cast; and it is almost painful to reflect upon the infinite number of instances wherein forfeiture or inevitable defeat has resulted from a want of due and ordinary caution while preparing for a display of gladiatorial skill in the roped arena. Of course he was much chagrinned at being compelled to forfeit. Warm words and warm blood became the direct cause of a coolness between him and the host of the King's Arms, and in a spirit of retaliation he indignantly dropped the title of "Hicks' Big 'Un." For a time he was necessarily put on the shelf, as neither a customer nor patrons were to be found in the metropolitan boundaries. The wheels of old Father Time, as they ever will do, kept on revolving, and anon Jack Hicks obtained another big 'un to play the *role* of leader in his sparring *soirees*. The old altercation was neither forgotten or forgiven, and further hasty and angry remarks terminated in a match being made for £50 a side, between Wormald and Hicks' new Titan, for the sunny month of June. Joe was now backed from Bos Tyler's, Whitechapel; Joe was sent to training at Buckhurst-hill, Essex, in company with the Brothers Lawley. The reports from that quarter, however, were recently of anything but a gratifying character. Despite all that the clever Nap and his brother could do for him, a succession of large boils broke out in various parts of his body, evidently betraying the want of former discretion, and Joe was necessarily stopped in his work. Many of his friends exhibited quite an apathetic spirit upon the

Kelly, with practice, will be a troublesome customer; his left going straight as an arrow, while at in-fighting he is always busy with both hands. These essentials, coupled with a fine temper, are not possessed by every novice, and we expect seeing him in better company. Of Gleeson, we can only say that, although defeated, his friends thought better of him than before the fight commenced for the gallantry he showed, and if ever loser deserved a benefit, it is Gleeson.—*Ibid.*

DRAW-FIGHT BETWEEN SAM SHELDON AND GEORGE EXLEY.—These Birmingham light-weights met at an early hour on Monday, June 20th, at Mr. Welsh's, Spring-hill, Birmingham, and thence made a move to the neighborhood of Smethwick, to try catch-weight conclusions for a "fiver." Sheldon, who is now thirty years of age, has been an old and good performer, but has of late been lying by. Exley is a fresh young candidate for pugilistic honors, and has done nothing very remarkable. As early as half-past 7 A. M., the lads were at the appointed rendezvous, and, after a considerable delay, a referee was chosen, and the process of disrobing speedily completed, the combatants getting together soon after 8. After a little manœuvering, Sheldon shot out his left, but was short, Exley returning smartly on the ribs, which staggered Master Sam, as he quickly got down to avoid. Nothing was done worth relating in the second round, but in the third, Sheldon drew first blood from a straight shot on the nose, after which Exley rallied himself, and knocked the old 'un off his pins, as he did on three subsequent occasions, and, at the end of the fifteenth round (when Exley had had the lead, and was first on the road to victory), the police came up and compelled a move. A little circuitous dodging brought the lads to the same spot, when, thinking they had securely baffled the "beaks," the order to strip was again given, but Sheldon objecting to this course, the referee was about giving in against him, when the timely arrival of the "blues" again caused them to "move on," and, finding there was no chance of getting the affair off in that district, all returned, and a fresh field having been agreed on for the following morning, the "hundred and one" followers dispersed homewards. At a meeting held later in the evening, it was agreed to draw the stakes.—*Ibid.*

OFF-HAND MATCH FOR A "FIVER."—On Wednesday afternoon, June 22, Young Cutler of Birmingham (Jack Rooke's Novice), and Bill Greaves, likewise of the "hardware village," met, some four miles on the Coventry-road, to test their fistic prowess at catch-weight, for the above stake. Cutler has fought twice previously, his first engagement being with Young Tom Lane. He, however, subsequently met with defeat at the hands of Mick Maley (Bluey). Greaves is comparatively a novice. At 4 o'clock they got to work, in the presence of a large concourse of the lovers of sport. Cutler, in the first round, landed well on the nose, drawing the claret. Greaves countered prettily on the chest, driving his man back a few paces, when, after a few slight exchanges, Cutler got down to avoid. In the succeeding bouts, of which there were ten (making eleven in all, in 20 min.), Cutler took the lead and invested heavily on Greaves' frontispiece, Greaves, not idle, returning on the ribs. At the conclusion of the eleventh round the "blues" put in an appearance, and the lads, after trying every available spot, returned homewards and agreed to a draw, but it is more than probable that they will increase the stakes, and fight again shortly.—*Ibid.*

UNCALLED FOR.—We clip the following paragraph from a late number of the *Sporting Life*:—"Tom King, the victor of Heenan, Mace, &c., having concluded a successful tour with Ginnett's Circus, is open for engagements in town or country, for a long or short period. Address Mr. Simons, No. 6 Brunswick Terrace, Commercial Road, East, London. N. B.—*The United States objected to.*" As there was no possibility of anybody in this country wanting to make an engagement with Mr. King, he had no cause whatever for adding that postscript. It was no doubt intended as a slur on the American people, and should he, King, ever happen to come this way, we shall not forget it.

ACCIDENTS TO JOCKEYS AT STOCKBRIDGE.—One of the most serious accidents that has occurred on a flat course this season, befel a boy named Clark, in John Day's stable, when riding Lord Ronald to the post in a selling race, on the 23d of June. The colt first ran out of the course and became entangled in some hurdles, throwing the boy, who remounted and cantered him some distance, when he again bolted on to uneven ground, where he fell and rolled over on to the lad, who was at once conveyed to Danebury. He was promptly attended by Dr. French, and although no bones are broken, the boy has been insensible ever since the accident up to Friday evening, June 24th. The day previously (Wednesday), Wells was thrown by Sydmonton, while riding him to the starting-post. The colt indulged in a quick succession of buck-jumps, during which Wells sat him as close as the short stirrups in which a jockey rides will allow, but he was at last unseated, and although much shaken at the time, he soon got over it and was able to ride again on Thursday. Friday brought with it another disaster similar in its nature, but not so serious in its effects, the victim this time being poor Sam Mordan, who, while cantering a two year old colt by Vedette out of Tribute, was violently thrown by the animal coming in contact with a post. The boy was carried to the enclosure by William Day and another person, and was very much shaken, but not seriously injured, and the horse was very little the worse. Clark is the son of the Duke of Beaufort's huntsman, and has always been a well-conducted boy.

SCULLER'S RACE FOR £100.—A very exciting sculling match came off over the Metropolitan course, from Putney Aqueduct to the Ship at Mortlake, London, for £50 a side, between Tom Hoare and Harry Cole, on the 21st of June. As they are looked upon as aspirants for the aquatic Championship of the Thames, a great deal of interest was centred in the race. Tom Hoare was born February 16th, 1843, at Hammersmith. He stands 5ft. 6in. in height, and weighed 9st 12lb. He has defeated Agers, of Chelsea, and Jack Tagg, in scullers' matches, and beaten J. H. Clasper for the Thames National Coat and Badge. Last year he rowed a disputed race at Shoreham with Grigg, for £100, and came in first, but, a quibble arising respecting the boat Tom rowed in, the money was eventually drawn. After the above, Tom paid a visit to the Ouse, and won the Championship of the river at the King's Lynn Regatta. Horace Cole, who comes from a rare sculling family, was born at Chelsea, in December, 1843. He stands 5ft. 7in. in height, and weighed 10st 10lb. He has won two coats and badges, viz.: Godfrey's at Mortlake, for old-fashioned boats (in which race he defeated Tom Hoare), and the Thames National Coat and Badge, and last year he also beat Tom Heywood easily, in a sculling race from Putney to Mortlake. Harry Salter was chosen umpire for Cole, Mr. Wilcox doing duty for Hoare, with C. Newnham for referee. The betting was two to one on Hoare before the start. The men got a good start, and went off at a tremendous pace, but before they had rowed far, the betting changed to similar odds on Cole, which was taken freely by the opposite party, as Hoare soon afterwards gradually got away from Cole, pulling thirty-four strokes to the minute, and notwithstanding the almost superhuman efforts of Cole, he was left inch by inch behind, Hoare coming in a winner in 28min. 4sec., Cole being 23 secs. astern.

PAIR OARED RACE.—Frank Kilsby and Dave Coombes vs. Alf. Fenton and C. Kemp, pulled a pair oared race on the 20th of June for £25 a side, from Putney to the Ship at Mortlake, London, which was won by Kilsby and Coombes, in 29min, 5secs., their competitors being one minute behind.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

A. I. F., Geneva, N. Y.—1. Anderson's treatise is the most correct and reliable. 2. At present, Mr. Bethell of Philadelphia, Pa., is considered the best player across the board in America. Mr. Mercer of Wellsville N. Y., and Mr. Drysdale of this city, were his equal, but they are now out of practice. 3. We have never heard of him, suppose he is some one that has a good local reputation. We would be glad to have his name. 4. If you will write us again, we will answer your other queries by mail. 5. Your solution is good, and you see we have made a note of it.

EXPRESS, New York.—G. W. Foster writes:—he has been absent and did not receive the last Nos. of the CLIPPER. He will send on the funds and analysis next week. Lively times ahead, eh!

G. W. FOSTER, Warren, Pa.—Just in time. We were about giving the facts of the Challenge to the draught players. Let the ball go on, and may the best man win.

GEN. GRANT A DRAUGHT PLAYER.—When the General was a young lieutenant, he was stationed for some time at Sackett's Harbor, and in those days paid frequent visits to the village. He was a famous checker player, and was wont to spend many an hour at the old American hotel in this absorbing game. But there was one citizen who could beat him at his favorite game. But young Grant would never give up, and insisted on his competitor playing with him till he came out ahead, which he would, at last, always do. To secure this end he sometimes kept his friend up nearly all night, and would stay in town three days, studying his long-headed moves, and forcing his opponent to play until he beat him in the end. If the man declined playing when he was ahead, the lieutenant was offended, and thought him ungentlemanly in the extreme. Grant is now playing checkers in the same style with Lee on the Virginia board.

Drummond Improved.

Our correspondent "A. I. F." has sent us an improved and fine solution of Position No. 10, Vol. XII, by Drummond. Drummond's solution is correct, but he has gone all around the board in order to solve it:—

SOLUTION.

19 to 15		27 to 23		7 to 10	14 to 7
15 11		23 18		11 2	12 8
8 7		18 14		2 7	8 3

Black wins.

Solution of Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..18 to 14	11 to 7	7.. 9 to 14	13 to 9
2..14 9	6 2	8..14 5	2 6
3.. 9 5	2 6	9.. 3 8	6 9
4.. 5 9	7 2	10.. 5 14	7 2
5.. 9 14	2 7	11..14 7	2 4
6..14 9	6 2		White wins.

Game No. 15--Vol. XII.

FOURTEENTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.	Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.
1..10 to 14	22 to 18	21..27 to 31	19 to 15
2..11 15	18 11	22..11 16	22 17
3.. 8 15	24 19	23..16 19	9 6
4..15 24	28 19	24.. 2 9	17 13
5.. 4 8	25 22	25.. 9 14	18 9
6.. 6 10	22 18	26.. 3 8	9 6
7.. 9 13	18 9	27..12 16	6 2
8.. 5 14	23(a) 18	28.. 8 12	2 7
9..14 23	27 18	29..31 26	30 23
10.. 8 11	18 14	30..19 26	7 11
11..10 17	21 14	31..16 20	15 10
12..11 16	26 23	32..12 16	11 15
13..13 17	29 25	33..26 31	13 9
14..16 20	14(b) 9	34..21 25	9 6
15.. 7 11(c)	31 26	35..25 30	6 2
16..20 24	23 18	36..30 26	2 7
17..17 21	25 22	37..16 19	15 24
18.. 1 5	26 23	38..20 27	32 23
19.. 5 14	18 9	39..26 19	Drawn. (d)
20..24 27	23 18		

(a) A fine move.
(b) "Wily" as a fox.
(c) Martins is not to be caught.
(d) The first conditional part of the match ended with this game, Wylie won 2; Martins, 1; drawn, 11.

Solution of Position No. 13, Vol. XII.

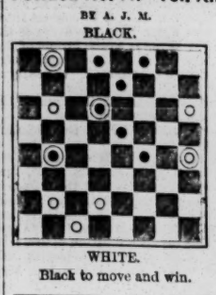
BY A. J. M.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 1 to 6	2 to 9	3..27 to 24	3 to 10
2.. 3 7	12 3	4..24 29, and wins.	

Position No. 14.--Vol. XII.

BY A. J. M.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

G. E. C., Tarrytown.—Your problem has been submitted to no less a critic than T. M. Brown, and though he solves it differently from you, and in one move less, you should be very proud when he says that, with the statement so modified, it is well worthy of being given as a problem. It will probably appear as No. 441.

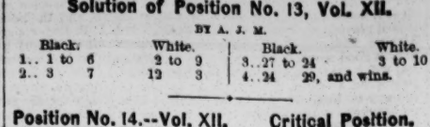
THEO. M. BROWN, St. Louis.—Letter and promise of more all right; many thanks, as always, for pains taken in our behalf.

ANOTHER MATCH IN BOSTON.—Messrs. Mackenzie and Hammond have contested a second match, ending in favor of the distinguished Londoner by the triumphant score of 6 to 3. Some of these *parties* must be quite interesting, and we hope to get at a few to lay before our readers.

Enigma No. 437.

From the Philidorean.

BY GEO. WALKER.



at his B 3, K 4, K Kt sq, K Kt 6, K R 7th.

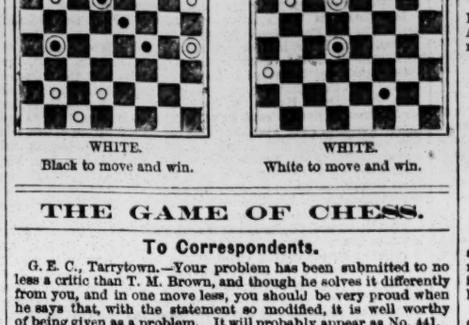
at his R sq., her 3, K 4, K Kt 2d.

White to play and give mate in seven moves.

Problem No. 437.

BY LOUIS GOLDSMID.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 437.

Played in the N. Y. C. C. between Messrs. Elder and Zerega.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Elder.	Defence, Mr. Zerega.	Attack, Mr. Elder.	Defence, Mr. Zerega.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..Q Kt to Q 2	Q R to K sq
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	15..Kt-K B 3	Q-K B 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	16..K-his R sq	P-K Kt 4
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	17..Kt × K P (b)	Q R × Kt
5..P-Q B 3	K B-B 4	18..P-K B 4	Kt P × P
6..Castles	P-Q 3	19..Q-Kt 4 +	K-Q sq
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	20..K R × P	Kt-K B 4
8..B P × P	K B-Kt 3	21..Q-K Kt 3	Q-her 3
9..P-Q 5	Q Kt-K 4 (a)	22..K R-B 6	Q × K R
10..K Kt × Kt	Q P × Kt	23..Q B × R	Q-K Kt 3
11..Q B-Kt 2	Q-K Kt 4	24..Q × Q (c)	R P × Q
12..K B-Kt 5 +	Q B-Q 2	25..Q B × R, and Mr. Elder shortly won.	
13..K B × B +	K × K B		

(a) The Defence really has no very good move at this juncture.
11..Q to K B 3d loses the K P equally.
(b) Sprightly and entertaining. The rest of the Attack is charmingly conducted.
(c) Quite conclusive. We doubt not the Defence was surprised at the 17th, 22d, and the present move.

PAUL MORPHY, the traitor, who has played but once in public for over three years, recently defeated at once, and without seeing the boards, three of the strongest players in Havana. The feat utterly astonished the powerful club there, and the French critics pronounce the achievement as great as any presented in Paris. This match shows that his own opinion of his strength, despite disuse, is well formed. This interesting *partie* was with Senor Dominguez.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

Morphy.	Dominguez.	Morphy.	Dominguez.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..K R to K sq +	Q Kt to K 2
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..K Kt-K 5 (f)	K B × Kt
3..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	13..Q-R 5 +	P-K Kt 3
4..P-Q 4	K P × P	14..Q × K B	K R-B sq
5..Castles	K B-B 4	15..Q Kt-Q 2	P-Q B 3 (g)
6..P-K 5	K Kt-K 5	16..Kt-Q B 4	P-Q 3
7..K B-Q 5	P-K B 4	17..Kt × Q P +	K-Q 2
8..P × P *en pas*	Kt × B 2d P	18..B-K 6 +	K-Q B 2
9..Q B-Kt 5 (d)	K B-K 2	19..Kt × B dis +, and mates next move.	
10..Q B × Kt	K B × B (e)		

(d) Checking with R, instead, would not have led to any satisfactory result. The move in the text was well chosen, and gave Mr. M. the advantage in position.
(e) Had he taken B with P, he would have been speedily defeated by K Kt to Kt 5th, &c.
(f) Ingeniously conceived.
(g) This hastens defeat; P to Q 3d would have promised a longer resistance.—*Era.*

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

R. BISHOP BUCKLEY.

THIS popular vocalist, musician, &c., was born in England, and is one of the well known Buckley Minstrels. He first entered the profession of Minstrelsy in the band organized by his father, Mr. James Buckley, in Boston, in 1843, since which time he has ever been the main feature with the "Band of Brothers" in all their trials and triumphs and incessant labor throughout America and Great Britain. During all their peregrinations, particularly in the Southern States, R. Bishop Buckley has ever been a quiet, close, and philosophical observer of the Negro character, and being gifted with great imitative powers and facial elasticity, his delinections are irresistibly effective. In characters of rustic simplicity and marked stolidity, there is no sign of effort in his acting, but an ease and truth that are unobtrusively convulsing. In dramatic scenes, his mock-heroic characters are also extremely ludicrous. His Pedro, in "Cinderella," and Count Luny, in "Trovatore," are perfect antipodes, and yet equally diverting. As a sound, practical musician and an instrumental performer, he holds no ordinary rank. In 1849 he held the position of solo violinist with Luke West and Peel's Minstrels with *eclat*. His performance on the Chinese Fiddle has rendered that difficult instrument entirely his own, outside of the "flowry land," while as a vocalist, possessing a round and mellow voice of high tenor calibre, he gives the most difficult operatic music with artistic skill and finish, and these acquirements add no little charm to his effective rendition of various comic ballads.

LEARNING THE CURRENCY.—Of all close dealers among us, the Dutchmen live on the least, and shave the closest. It is astonishing how soon they learn our currency. A good thing occurred, however, in this connection, with the keeper of a small lager beer saloon in a certain neighborhood, who undertook to teach his assistant, a thick headed sprout of "Faderland" the difference between "fivepence and sixpence." "Yah," said John, with a dull twinkle of intelligence. A wag of a loafer, who overheard the lecture, immediately conceived the idea of a "saw," and lager beer gratis for that day at least. Procuring a three-cent piece, he watched the departure of the "boss," and, going up to John, he called for a "beer," throwing down the coin, and looking as if he expected the change. John, who remembered his recent lesson, took up the piece and muttering to himself, "Mittout the vomans—'tish von sixpence," handed over three coppers change. How often the aforesaid drank that day we know not; it depended upon his thirst and the number of times he could exchange three coppers for three-cent pieces; but when the boss came home at night, the number of small coin astonished him.

"Vat ish dese, John? you take so many?".

"Sixpence," replied John, with a peculiar, satisfied leer.

"Sixpence! Dunder and blitzen! You take all dese for sixpence? Who from?"

"De man mit peard like Kossuth; he drink all day mit himself."

"Der teufel! You give him change every time?"

"Y-a-h!" said John, with a vacant stare.

"Der teufel catch de Yankees!" was all the astonished Dutchman could say.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 4 to 8 lbs.....$4 per pair
" 8 to 12 " ..... 5 " "
Dumb Bells, from.....$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER Office, New York, or Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. P. S.—All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 7-tf

HARRY JENNINGS
has made many new improvements in his popular
"HOUSE OF CALL,"

No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,
and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling Viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the bar. 2-tf

N. B.—Harry Jennings, 32 Portland street, Boston, Mass., offers to the public his infallible ARSENICAL SOAP, for the destruction of fleas, lice, bugs, sheep ticks, and vermin of all descriptions; 25 and 50 cents a box. Warranted to kill all vermin in five minutes, (and not to injure the animal), and easily applied. H. J. has a sure cure for Mange, Distemper, and all kinds of diseases, and sent to any part of the United States. Also, agents wanted. 5

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 3-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $5. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 33th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition.
"ED'S" Country Residence, "THE RUINS," Weehawken, is also open for the Summer Season. 14-3m

THE "STAR OF THE WEST,"
202 CENTRE STREET.
WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS
OF THE FINEST QUALITY.
CANINE SPORTS EVERY MONDAY EVENING.
The use of the pit gratis for gentlemen to try their dogs.
BARNEY AARON. [3-tf] HUGH RILEY.

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY.....Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 6-3m*

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
100 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
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$2000 PRIZE FIGHT NEAR VIRGINIA CITY,
BETWEEN
BILL DAVIS AND PATSY DALY.
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THE prize fight which, for some time past, has attracted so much attention in Nevada Territory, California, and elsewhere, between Bill Davis and Patsy Daly, for $1000 a side, and involving the championship of the Pacific Coast, came off on the 14th of June. The spot chosen for the contest was in a ravine just below American Flat. The ring, which was of the usual description, was inclosed by a high board fence, and $2 50 admission was charged to those who desired a near view of the fight. Nearly a thousand people assembled inside the inclosure, while an equal or greater number democratically peeped through the cracks, or sat on the surrounding hill-sides, where they could get a full, but necessarily imperfect view of the scene.

THE MEN.

At twenty-seven minutes past twelve o'clock, when the patience of the spectators had become pretty thoroughly exhausted, Daly entered the enclosure with his seconds, and was greeted with cheers by the crowd. Twenty minutes later, Davis made his appearance, and was the recipient of still greater applause, which he acknowledged by raising his hat and by shaking hands with his personal acquaintances. Daly is the larger man of the two, stands 5 feet 11½ inches, and weighed 180 lbs. His age is about forty-two, and though he possesses the appearance of a fine-muscled, iron-framed, vigorous man, he has evidently lost the sprightliness and elasticity of youth. He is a native of County Westmeath, Ireland. His trainers and seconds for this fight were Harry Gribben and Billy Dwyer, both men of experience and some celebrity in the prize ring. Davis, although inferior in size to Daly, is a powerful man, and possessed the advantage in point of age. He is a native of Belfast, County Down, Ireland, is about thirty-five years old, and weighs 160 odd lbs. Big Sam Smith and James Carter acted as his seconds. When stripped, Davis presented the best appearance, his flesh being firmer, and the muscles of his chest better developed, though Daly's brawny form towered in formidable proportions.

As soon as he arrived on the ground, Davis strode up to the ropes and shied his hat into the ring. The deafening cheers greeted this act had only partially subsided when Daly's castor came sailing in from the opposite side of the arena, creating another huge and prolonged shout. He stepped into the ring, picked up his hat, and was retiring to a corner, when Davis tapped him on the shoulder and they shook each other cordially by the hand. Both men were then seated—Daly in the south and Davis in the north corner. The money taken at the gate—amounting to about $2,200—was then brought into the ring and divided, while lively betting was going on among seconds, ring-keepers and spectators. When Davis received his share of the admission money, he notified Mr. Malone, who had formerly offered to bet him $10 that he would be whipped in two minutes and a half, that he was ready to accept his bet; but that gentleman declined, saying that he should have taken the bet at the time it was offered. Davis then slung the purse into the ring, offering to bet it all on the fight, but no one would cover it, although he subsequently got one or two smaller bets. The choice of stakes was won by Daly's second, who chose the corner that his man already occupied. The colors were then produced and tied to a stake—those of Daly being a white spotted ground with purple border, and Davis' red and white stripes with a green field, and a sash of pure green. Messrs. Blackwood and Gallagher were chosen Umpires, and Hugh Kelly (an old opponent of Con Fitzgerald), Referee. Captain Murphy then read the rules of the prize ring, after which the men were stripped and commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. When time was called, Daly advanced promptly to the scratch and threw himself in position. Davis came up flapping his hands on his hips like a game cock, chucked his head forward in an ugly, defiant manner, and then rested in fine position. Some cautious sparring ensued, during which the men moved obliquely into the south east corner, where Davis let out both fists with terrible effect, making ugly cuts on both sides of Daly's face near the eyes, and inflicting a terrible blow on his right temple. Having brought first blood, Davis went down, seemingly to avoid return.

[Although bets had been taken evenly on Daly at the commencement, he showed to such disadvantage in the first round, that heavy odds were offered on Davis, without takers.]

2. Both men came promptly to the scratch, Daly bleeding freely from the cuts on his cheeks. Daly let out wickedly with both fists; but was well guarded by Davis, who sent in three heavy blows upon the face, and his adversary went down.

3. In this Daly received very severe punishment in the face, and to conclude it, Davis struck out forcibly, hitting his antagonist on the nose, and knocked him down heavily, and nearly out of the ring, under the ropes.

[It was apparent from the second round, that the men were unequally matched. Daly bore marks of terrible punishment, while Davis, with the exception of slight scratches upon the cheeks, showed no signs of injury about the head or body, although one of his fists was considerably damaged.]

4. Daly evidently felt the fight was lost, although he came to time promptly, but with an apparent lack of confidence. Both men hit out heavily, the blows of Davis only taking effect, and Daly going to the ground with augmented punishment.

5. Daly walked up to the scratch, and Davis knocked him down.

6. Daly came to time like a martyr, received several severe blows about the face, and went down again.

[There was no longer any doubt regarding the result of the fight if it was to be won by the best fighter, and the number of rounds yet to be fought simply resolved itself into a question of Daly's endurance.]

7. After some sparring the men closed, and some heavy body hits were given. Davis finally freed himself, and sent several merciless blows into the face of Daly, who went heavily to the ground.

Here some one offered $20 to $5 on Davis. On time being called for the eighth round, however, the sponge was thrown up. Davis immediately walked over to the corner of Daly and shook him cordially by the hand.

Davis only received a few scratches on the face during the fight. The time consumed during the seven rounds was only a few seconds over eight minutes. This is, we are creditably informed the seventeenth ring fight of Davis, in every one of which he has been victorious.

The vast crowd who witnessed the fight, evidently felt pained, after the first round, at the inequality of the match. There was no doubt that Daly was stunned, on the first round, by the blow that Davis administered on his temple.

GEORGE BAKER'S ACCEPTANCE OF CORCORAN'S CHALLENGE.—William Martin, writing from West Philadelphia, says that he will match Baker against Corcoran, at 138 or 140 lbs., for $500 a side, in three months from the first deposit, and either Martin or Baker will meet Corcoran at the CLIPPER office on Friday the 15th of July, between the hours of 12 and 4 o'clock, P. M., to draw up articles and come to some definite arrangement. Let both men or their representatives attend, and thus keep up the sport.

A BENEFIT FOR MIKE NUNAN.—The young Brooklyn gladiator now matched with Mike Dorsey, will give an exhibition at the Stuyvesant Institute shortly, previous to going into training. As Nunan has scarcely missed sparring at any benefit given in this city or Brooklyn for the past year or so, the fraternity ought to muster out in big force. Billy Donnelly, the fireman prince, and Mike Nunan, will give the wind-up. Further particulars in our next.

MEMORANDUM BOOK LOST.—Old Bill Tovee has had the misfortune to lose his note-book, containing, among other important items, a list of the houses where he left his tickets, which is equivalent to so much currency. It was lost between 79th street and 3d Avenue and Mark Maguire's, 142d street and 8th Avenue. A suitable reward will be given to the finder.

DOG TALK.—Denny Kirwan will match his 22 lb. dog "Tige" against any other 22 lb. in the country, for $50 or $100 a side. Answer through the CLIPPER.

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City Summary.

MONDAY, July 11, 1864.

FOURTH OF JULY has ended, and with it the regular "fall and winter season of 1863-4," several theatres, minstrel and music halls having closed during the past week. As the razor-strop man once said, in his sharp and cutting orations concerning the merits of his merchandise, we have a "few of the same sort still left." New York need have no fear of being left out in the cold touching amusements, for, if the people show a disposition to attend indoor places of public resort during a heated term, managers will always be found ready and willing to keep open house, and furnish them with all the latest dramatic novelties, whether of foreign extraction or domestic manufacture. Fourth of July brought in pretty good results, considering the outdoor attractions, and managers have no cause for regret. The "glorious 4th" was kept up most spiritedly everywhere, and between the rays of the sun and the killing capacities of "strong drink," many a man came to grief on that memorable day. In a stroll in the Bowery, we came across a well-dressed individual reclining at full length on a friendly stoop. There were several commiserating spectators standing around, expressing sympathy for the "sick man," as a lady present called him. We forced our way to the side of the fallen, and, tenderly feeling his pulse, remarked, "He must have been affected by the heat—he certainly is not a drinking man." What it was that suddenly revived the man, we cannot say, but certain it is that when we said he was not a drinking man, he opened his eyes, looked us full in the face, and stamping out, "What d'ye say? not a drinking man? The h—ll I am't—I'm drunk now." Scenes like this met us at almost every corner, so we interfered no further with "gentlemen" affected by the heat." Gunpowder and fireworks were exploded in the most liberal manner. We always notice that when an article is unusually dear, it is sure to be more than usual in demand, and so it was with fireworks; we believe more stuff of that sort was set off on this last 4th than we ever noticed before—the prices were about double the rates heretofore charged. A good many professionals are by this time on their way to murmuring brooks and purling streams, to grotto cool and mountain-top, to Ocean's shore and salt-sea wave, to rustic ponds and country girls. Of the various places of summer resort, perhaps the most enjoyable is the country farm-house, where you can sit down to your meals with your coat off, lay off on the green sward without the fear of what Mrs. Grundy will say, and where you can romp and rollick with the girls in high old country style. There is a sort of independence in a country life which we seldom meet with anywhere else. The "fashionable resorts" we detest; there is too much ceremony there for a fellow to be at all comfortable, and we do not believe that one person out of a dozen really enjoys life at those places designated "fashionable summer pleasure resorts." A country ramble for us, or, what is just as good, "a life on the ocean wave." We wish our friends general enjoyment wherever they may elect to spend the summer vacation; may they return to us rejuvenated in body, with spirits lightened, and in every way prepared to resume with credit "the arduous duties of their profession....." We'll tell you a story about an actor. Recently, during the funeral of a sporting celebrity, two or three actors, friends of the deceased, accompanied the remains to the place of interment. One of them, who is always well up and exact in whatever he says or does, requested his friend to mount a little eminence close by the grave, so that they could have a clear view; the friend replied that if they staid where they were they could very well see the interment, which was all they wanted. "Not at all, sir," said the stage veteran, "I want to see an exact representation of the whole, for I don't know how soon I may be called upon myself to play a principal part in the same tragedy."..... To assist our absent friends in passing the time pleasantly, let us advise them how to "get up" in the mixing of claret punch for a clever little party of sociables. First procure a good sized bowl—then into it empty one bottle of claret, one bottle of soda water, four tablespoonfuls of powdered white sugar, ½ teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, small glass of maraschino, about half a pound of ice; mix all well together, and "drink hearty" as long as it lasts..... Our opening must be brief this week, because it requires some days to bring a well-balanced mind to its proper *status* after the muddle created by the noise, bluster, fire and smoke incident to the New York manner of celebrating the 4th. Talking about 4th of July and fire crackers, reminds us of a little story about John Chinaman. Some years ago a number of Chinese show people were brought here on a speculation, but the thing didn't thrive, and the whole concern went up in a Chinese balloon. A few of the stragglers were picked up by a Yankee showman, who made up a little entertainment in which he could show off some of the peculiarities of the Chinese people, the speaking part devolving upon himself. The show was called "Chinagraphic; or, the Elephant's Doom." In the first scene was a magician's cave, where the Yankee was first seen, and in which he made the following speech:—"For thirty years, with magic power invested, have I reigned supreme of this mossy cave, where, assisted by invisible agents, awful demons, and nightly sprites, I have transposed and metamorphosed, by my power, into different shapes, these shelly walls, yet fain would I mine utmost power know, and please mine eye with yet new wonders. Bring forth the huge and bulky elephant! 'Tis well. Of life and flesh do I thee deprive, and naught but skeleton bones appear." The show took very well in certain towns, but one night, in one of the "inland cities" of New Jersey, the Yankee came to grief. It seems that he had forgotten to liquidate sundry board and printing bills, and a sheriff was detailed to take possession of his corpus, consequently the talking Yankee was not present to go on with his part. The house was full including a brigadier general, a live Jersey editor, and several other distinguished people. It would not do to dismiss such an audience as that, so the Yankee's partner, a Chinaman, who had picked up a smattering of English, determined to go on with the performance. The curtain went up, the cave scene was seen, and in it the Chinaman, who at once commenced his speech in the following language:—"Tirty year I live in dis house. I have make him all difference tings—anyting—whatever you please—den I will say more, as dese—Pring fort de great pig elephant. Hal stay dere—take it away all his life and flesh—stop dare no more as de bone." It was immense sport for the Jerseymen, who encored the actor again and again, when he made the following apology—"Lady and gentmen, I no speak-a-de English myself—de genteman wot speak for me, de sheriff take it all away." End of the Chinese story, and the "Elephant's Doom."

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS gave their last performance for the season on the 9th inst. Their hall is now closed. They will probably scatter, and distribute themselves at various summer resorts for a few weeks. The proprietors have been very successful, and their income tax must be very heavy.

AN ADVERTISING AGENT offers his services at moderate rates to managers of minstrel companies, panoramas, or any entertainment of that kind. See John Dickerson's card in another column.

WHEN THE ALABAMA went out to fight the Kearsage, Captain Semmes, with much foresight, left his opera glasses on shore. He also, in the language of Mr. Wheatley, in the "Duke's Motto," exclaimed "I am here." Captain Winslow, not to be outdone in politeness, responded, "Well, stay there," and forthwith sent the pirate ship to the bottom of the ocean. In the words of Bill Shakespeare, "after the Alabama's flitful fever, she sleeps well," and that's what's the matter with her.....Talking of the "Duke's Motto," Mr. Wheatley appeared in his great character of Lagarere all last week, and played it with his accustomed animation. It will do as a reserve for the future. It was taken off on the 9th inst.....A few years ago, when Laura Keene was in her glory at her own theatre on Broadway, now the Olympic, she brought out, in splendid style, the beautiful spectacle of the "Sea of Ice," in which she performed the principal character. It took well. Placed on the stage as it was at that house, it was commended by that much used class "the press and public." Well, to give *eclat* to the production at Niblo's, the resources of that vast establishment will be brought into play, and the great scene of the breaking up of the sea of ice will be one of the most effective ever presented to a New York audience. This evening, Monday, July 11th, is the time set apart for its first representation at this house, and Miss Lucille Western, who has been a very attractive travelling star the past season, has been engaged to sustain the part of Agarita, the leading character in the piece.

WHEN BEEF is very high, and oysters out of season, it is a pleasure to know that acres of vegetables are growing up to fill this void and us. Softly, a conundrum strikes us. We'll let it off at once, as it contains nothing but "purely vegetable" matter. "What kind of salad do the rebuels prefer in these sweltering dog days?" "Lettuce, alone." Capital thing, isn't it? Jeff. Davis and the Peace Men are at liberty to use this.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS hold the Broadway line all to themselves, now that the Bryants have gone on a raid; and as Wood's hall is one of the coolest places of resort in the city we presume the summer will be run through without cessation. The troupe are giving a very amusing entertainment, replete with fun, sentiment, and gems of minstrelsy. The company is well organized, and combines some very clever vocal as well as instrumental performers.

MR. FRED. WOODHULL, who has been connected with Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, for some time, arrived in the city last week, accompanied by Mr. Wallace, of the "New Idea," of the same city. They intend returning to Frisco in October.

"AN INTELLIGENT GENTLEMAN," not of the army, informs us that John Brougham will shortly visit this country. The genial John is always welcome; if he hurries up he will be in time for the next draft.

MR. LEWIS FILLMORE is one of the editors of the *London Times*, and no doubt has written many of the scurrulous articles that have appeared in that paper against this country, more particularly against the North, and against the Union army. It appears that he occasionally finds time to write plays, one of his latest being called "The Winning Suit." We are sorry to see that this rebel sympathiser—this assailant of American institutions—finds favor in the eyes of some of our own people, and that his dramatic productions are given precedence over plays written by American authors, plays possessing full as much merit as those written by the London scoffer. His latest effort, "The Winning Suit," was brought out at Wallack's Theatre on Tuesday evening, July 5th, but it does not appear that the importation has met with that success which was anticipated for it. We are sorry that any of our managers should lend themselves to the support and encouragement of the defamers of Northern soldiers and Northern institutions. We have not seen the play, and have no desire to. "The Winning Suit" should prove no winning suit in this country.

M'LLE VESTVALI has secured the sole right to perform "Bel Demonio" outside of New York city.

PAULINE CUSHMAN closed her engagement at Barnum's Museum on the 9th inst., on which occasion, also, the season closed.

MISS E. VESTVALI LUND was recently the recipient of a silver-chiseled wreath entwined with laurel, a gift from Mrs. Hoym, wife of the manager of the Stadt Theatre. It is probable that Miss Lund will be the opening star for the new theatre now in course of construction in the Bowery near Canal street. It is not unlikely that she will produce Schiller's "Maria Stuart" on the occasion.

THE AMERICAN, 444 Broadway, closed after the performance given on the 4th of July. Mr. Butler has taken his company to Boston, but expects to re-open here about the middle of August.

THE OLD BOWERY THEATRE closed in a blaze of glory and fireworks on the 4th of July. The season has been a very profitable one to Manager Fox.

"DEBORAH" (Leah the Forsaken) "Mathilde," and Goethe's "Faust" have been produced at the Stadt Theatre during Miss Vestvali Lund's engagement. It will be remembered that "Deborah" is the play wherein Miss Bateman created such a *furore* at Niblo's some time since, resulting in a one hundred and twenty-five night's run of the same in London. Comparisons are always odious; when advanced concerning artistes essaying like *ro es* in different languages, they are useless. Miss Bateman has her conception of the persecuted Jewess and Miss Lund has hers. Our friend "Caissa," who is up in German theatricals, sends us the annexed remarks:—"I think the English version a decided improvement on the original; it has more coherency, and affords the heroine greater scope for the development of the passions. However, it may be said with justice that the English adaptator's idea of bringing in the Apostate in the second act, and Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr.'s masterly rendition of that character, have contributed materially to the success of the play at Niblo's. I hardly think Miss Lund appeared to the best advantage in this *role*. Her physique is scarcely as powerful as the character calls for; besides, her *forte* is more in pathos and depth of soul, than in outbursts of momentary impulse; she is young, and would do well to confine herself to parts wherein bodily exertion is less requisite, until maturity has bestowed on her the necessary power for more arduous delineations. Nevertheless, she displayed throughout that remarkable tact that only can be attained by the unity of talent with careful study and undaunted perseverance. One great feature in Miss Lund's impersonation is the absence of ranting; in the curse scene, the wronged woman did not assume the character of a raving maniac. It is the *control* of the passions, and not the passions themselves, that stamps a great actor or actress. How few recognize this fact? Work yourself into a fit of anger, jealousy or revenge, as the character may require, and then give vent to your unbridled passions, is the maxim of the many. I have heard critics uphold this monstrosity as well as its reverse appearance on the stage without culture of gesticulation or the least development of the passions, on the plea of nature. A wild horse, or an illiterate, ignorant countryman who, to use a street boy's expression, has the 'cheek' to enter decent society, may be viewed in the same light—natural..... As Mathilde, Miss Lund was evidently in her sphere, and displayed all the various excellencies her abilities, when judiciously employed exhibit. This is undoubtedly one of her best characters, and when well supported she would prove to be a strong card for an actress to outvie on any stage. Most worthy of attention were the *finale* of the first act; Mathilde's strong will and determination to follow the inspirations of her love, which she believes to be duty to heaven, in the second act; the interview with Falkenan in the third act, who, by the way, was entirely out of place, mistaking the gentleman for the profligate; and the closing scene between father and husband. In the third act, Miss Lund did not express herself sufficiently surprised and agitated when notified of her former lover's arrival. The words: 'who asked for my hand—No, no!' were spoken with the utmost indifference; this was a flaw.....The lady closed her brilliant engagement on the 28th of June, appearing for her benefit as Marguerite, in Goethe's "Faust," to an overflowing house. This is a part evoking grace, ease, simplicity and childish artfulness; and well did Miss L. by her judicious acting prove her intimacy with the author's character. Gretchen (German for Marguerite) is the German's ideal. It would be difficult to find a German that frequented theatres at all, who had not witnessed Goethe's Faust. Miss L. appeared to the best advantage in the third and fifth acts; the depth of sincerity in the garden scene with Faust, as also the heart-broken mother in the prison scene, were beautifully rendered. The poetry commencing: 'My heart is heavy. My peace is o'er,' etc., was slightly tinted with high tragedy delineation, and was hardly given with that naivete and naturalness, that Miss L's excellent personation of the rest of the character would warrant. Where everything is so perfect, I should deem it a wrong not to call the lady's attention to these flaws, which are but drops in the bucket of her excellencies. I have no doubt it is a matter of regret to all German lovers of art that Miss Lund's engagement is terminated, and I am confident that all who have had the good fortune to witness her personations will ever be imbued with their excellency, truth, and intrinsic merit."

MISS HELEN WESTERN, one of the Western sisters, and who some time ago returned from a professional visit to England, is to make her first appearance on the stage of the Broadway Theatre this evening, July 11th, Manager Wood re-opening his theatre to play this fascinating little actress. She has not appeared in this city for three or four years; when she was last here she was decidedly popular as an actress, while her beauty made her very attractive to a large circle of admirers. She is to renew her acquaintance with us in the "French Spy," a piece well calculated to display the physical beauties and pantominic actions of the lovely actress. It is a little singular that two sisters should be starring it in the same city at the same time, and at theatres scarcely two blocks apart; but such is the fact—Lucille Western is the star this week at Niblo's, and Helen is the attraction at the Broadway. Should the weather not be *too* warm, both theatres will be largely attended. In Miss Helen, we shall be compensated for the loss of Cubas, for her eyes are full as beautiful, while her face is more handsome (or was, for we have not seen her for a few years) than was the face of the lamented Spanish *danseuse*. Let young New York turn out to welcome the return of the beautiful "Prairie Flower."

"TO THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION OF AMERICA."—Such is the caption of a card to the ladies and gentlemen of the theatrical profession, calling upon them to meet at the Astor House this afternoon, July 11th, to consult together touching the present financial condition of the country as regards their own welfare, and to take some action upon the arbitrary constructions placed by managers upon the engagements entered into with artists in every department of the drama, a unity of action being considered indispensable for their professional protection. The parties making this call show good sense in doing so at the close of a season, when managers and people are for the time independent of each other, and can act without interfering with each others' rights. An increase of salary may be one of the objects of the meeting, for our friends have not been very liberally remunerated for their labors since the war broke out. If managers cannot pay the increase demanded, at their present rates of admission, why then let them raise their prices to the public. The actor's expenses have almost doubled within the past year or two, and unless his receipts are increased during the coming season, he will have a difficult task before him to worry through the campaign. Let the ladies and gentlemen of the profession see their way clear before they go to any extreme measures. P. S.—Just as we go to press we learn that quite a number of the profession met at the Astor House, but nothing definite was done. The meeting was solely for an increase of salary. A committee was appointed, and another meeting is to be called for Wednesday next.

GEN GEO. P. MORRIS, song-writer, and the author of a few dramatic works, died in this city on Wednesday, July 6, in the 63d year of his age. The funeral took place on the 8th, the remains being taken to Cold Spring for interment. Gen. Morris was born in Philadelphia, October 10, 1802. At an early age he removed to New York, where he commenced his literary career by writing for the journals, particularly the New York *Gazette* and the *American*, to the first of which he contributed verses as early as the fifteenth year. In August, 1833, in conjunction with Samuel Woodworth, he commenced the publication of the New York *Mirror*, which was discontinued December 31, 1842, under the financial disasters of the times. In 1843 Mr. Morris associated himself with Mr. Willis in the publication of the *New Mirror*, and in 1844 established the *Evening Mirror*, a daily paper. At the close of 1845 he commenced alone a weekly journal called the *National Press*, the title of which was in November, 1846, changed, to that of the *Home Journal*, since which time it has been conducted by himself and Mr. Willis. As a song writer, however, rather than a journalist, Mr. Morris has acquired his chief reputation. Of his "Woodman, Spare that Tree," several millions of copies are said to have been circulated. In 1853 Mr. Morris also published a volume entitled "The Deserted Bride and other Poems," and he has edited a volume of "American Melodies," consisting of songs by upwards of 250 American writers, and, in conjunction with Mr. Willis, the "Prose and Poetry of Europe and America." In 1837 he produced a drama, founded on incidents in the American Revolution, entitled *Briarcliff*; and in 1842 he wrote the libretto of *The Maid of Saxony*, an opera set to music by Charles E. Horn. He has also published a volume of prose sketches, entitled "The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots" (1838). Mr. Morris has resided for many years at Undercliff, a country seat on the Hudson river, nearly opposite West Point, and has been Brigadier-General in the New York State militia.

WE VISITED THE OLYMPIC on the 8th inst., to see how the English Opera Troupe were getting on, and we were glad to see quite a full attendance. The attraction was Wallace's charming opera of "Maritana." This opera abounds with gems of melody, and in instrumentation is one of the best in the English *repertoire*. The cast at the Olympic is really the best ever seen in this country, and throughout they interpreted the music of the opera artistically, the solos and choruses being very effectively rendered, as were the orchestral portions. The opera is placed upon the stage in the same style in which all the Olympic pieces have been the past season, and as a whole, we doubt whether it was ever better rendered than it has been at the Olympic the past week. The audience on Friday night were inclined at first to be hypercritical, but it was not long before the excellence of the vocalism and the admirable rendering of the principal gems of the opera drew forth loud and repeated outbursts of applause, *encores* being insisted upon in several instances. Messrs. Campbell and Castle monopolizing the lion's share, although the two prominent lady artists were duly honored. Campbell's rendering of that charming melody, "In happy moments," and Castle's "Let me like a soldier die," elicited deserved *encores*, and Miss Myers also was deservedly applauded for her singing in the second and last acts. This charming young artist is rapidly attaining a popularity her estimable private character and excellence of performance fully entitle her to, and we are glad to record her success. On the whole, we have never before had so satisfactory a presentation of English opera as is now given at the Olympic.

MR. J. NUNAN, connected with Niblo's Theatre, was the recipient of a substantial evidence, on the 9th inst., of the esteem in which he is held by his numerous friends in this city, in the form of an elegant gold watch and appendages, with an appropriate inscription engraved thereon. The presentation was made by Mr. Allen Conrey, in behalf of the committee, who made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion. Among the gentlemen present, were Colonel Stager, Councilman Sheehan, Wm. Lyon, Esq., of Park Row, and a host of others. Mr. J. H. Farrell was Chairman of the Committee.

THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL WIGS, and a variety of other things in that way, can be procured at the depot of Paul De Spotte, No. 15 West Houston street. See advertisement in this issue.

THAT PATRIARCH of Violoncello Performers, H. W. Walsh, advertises in this issue of the CLIPPER for a chance to use his bow.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS have already become fixed favorites on the east side of the town, and their new minstrel Hall has been well attended every night since the opening, considering the warm weather. The attendance, no doubt, would be better if the public were aware of the most excellent ventilation of this house. It is a fact that on the warmest night we have yet had, the hall has at all times been very comfortable to sit in, a perfect current of air passing through the hall all the time. It is the best ventilated place of amusement in the city.

KATE FISHER commenced a second engagement this season at the New Bowery Theatre on the 5th inst., opening to a very good house. The attendance throughout the week was very flattering to the dashing Kate, considering the lateness of the season and the excessive heat within doors. Miss Fisher has proved herself to be a very versatile actress, and has made a host of friends on the East side of the town. During the past week she appeared in the dramas of "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot," "The Three Fast Men," and "The Young American Actress." Miss Fisher continues the star this week, appearing this evening in the georgeous spectacle play of the "Cataract of the Ganges," for the proper representation of which the services of one hundred auxiliaries have been brought into full force. The season at this establishment will shortly close, when Manager Lingard contemplates making extensive alterations both before and behind the curtain. The first circle and parquet will receive a complete overhauling, and arranged on an entirely different plan than at present.

Dramatic.

OUR CAIRO, Ill., correspondent, writing on the 4th inst., says: "On 'Independence day' I 'come again to greet you' with the following items:—Messrs. Crump & Carroll's new theatre, the Athenæum is almost finished, and will positively be opened on the 11th inst. Frank J. Frayne is stage manager, and not Harry Gilbert, as has been given out. They have selected—and very foolishly, too, I think—Macbeth,' as the opening piece. Mrs. Welsh Edwards is engagen to appear upon the 1st of August, being the first star. They propose playing the stock until that time. Mrs. Edwards has fulfilled two previous engagements here, and is a great favorite as she richly deserves to be. Her engagement will certainly prove a brilliant one, and I congratulate the management upon having secured her services. She goes to the St. Louis theatre on the 15th of August.....At the Defiance Theatre business has been particularly shady during the past week. There was scarcely a corporal's guard in the house any evening during the week, except on Thursday, when Miss Nash, the first old woman, took a 'ben.' The attendance was then only fair to middling. This evening (the 4th) we are to have 'Richard III.;' to-morrow evening (the 5th), benefit of Mr. T. R. Hann, with 'David Copperfield' and the 'Merchant of Venice' as the attraction. July 6th is the last night of the season, after which I learn that Miss McWilliams proposes taking out a travelling company .....Dan Castello's Circus was here on the 1st and 2d inst. The company is very small, but they did a fair business. By-the-bye, these same 'knights of the sawdust' were scared out of Commerce, Mo., the other night, by imaginary guerillas."

MISS LOTTY THOMPSON, a very clever actress, and one of the best paying stars in the country, is at present taking a rest on her farm in this State. She commences her fall and winter travelling season about September 23d. Managers wishing to secure this lady can do so by addressing Augustus Pennoyer, her agent, care of CLIPPER office.

KATE DENIN AND SAM RYAN commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, C. E., on the 5th inst., opening in "Hidden Hand."

THE POSITION OF STAGE MANAGER is sought for by Mr. G. L. Aiken. See his advertisement in another column.

MARY MITCHELL, a sister of Maggie, is prostrated with disease of the heart in Washington.

AT THE METROPOLITAN, Buffalo, last week, Mr. D. Bryant performed a few nights, as an Irish comedian. Mr. G. C. Boniface and Miss Kate Newton were advertised as the stars for the present week.

CECILE RUSH closed her engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, on July 4th, having made a most decidedly favorable impression upon the theatre-goers of Philadelphia during its continuance. The *Daily News*, in commenting upon her performances, says:—"This lady's appearance at the Arch Street Theatre, on Monday evening last, was the dramatic event of the week, and excited no little curiosity on the part of our play-going public, as was evidenced by the large audience that was in attendance. She chose, for her opening night, to appear in a new part in a drama written expressly for her, by Mr. Marlowe, of this city. The play is a free dramatization of Currer Bell's master work, 'Jane Eyre,' and belongs rather to the domestic than to the sensational school, the author depending for success on the interest of the story—which is intense—and the originality of the characters, instead of on red fire and melo-dramatic situations. Well represented, 'Ida Lee' cannot fail to prove acceptable to all classes of theatre-goers; indeed, we do not remember ever having seen a more attentive audience, or one more highly delighted than that of the Arch on last Monday evening. The character of the heroine could not, we think, have found a more able representative than Mrs. Rush, whose quiet but impressive manner rendered her performance peculiarly sympathetic and impressive. Her enunciation is remarkably distinct; not a syllable is lost by those who are within the sound of her voice, which, although not unusually powerful, is, when it is not forced, melodious, and very sympathetic. Mrs. Rush has a face of classic beauty, and a form of pleasing mould, while all her movements are marked by ease and grace. On Friday evening, on the occasion of her benefit, Mrs. Rush appeared in another original character—Deborah, in a new version of the "Leah" story, by Mr. Marlowe, and on Saturday evening, by request, as Bianca. Much as we were pleased with Mrs. R.'s impersonation of the quiet, dignified "Ida," we are decidedly of opinion, after witnessing her last two performances, that she is destined to win her brightest laurels in the higher walks of the drama. In her new character of Deborah, she appeared to great advantage, and was honored with a call before the curtain after every act but the second. Compared with those ladies we have seen in the character of Leah, which is essentially the same as Deborah, Mrs. Rush takes precedence—she is greatly their superior. Since Miss Davenport and Miss Eliza Logan left the stage, we have seen no rendition of the difficult character of Bianca that was worthy of being compared with that of Mrs. Rush. The houses have been unusually large during the week, for the lateness of the season, and have increased nightly. Mrs. Rush could continue another week to excellent houses. The public is just beginning to know and appreciate her. The *Press* also says of her:—"At the Arch Street Theatre, during the present week, a new play called 'Ida Lee,' written expressly for Mrs. Cecile Rush, has been drawing good and appreciative audiences. The piece is adapted from the popular novel of 'Jane Eyre,' though not strictly following the course of that story. It has considerable merit beyond the sensational class of plays that latterly have been produced upon the stage under the title 'new,' and pleasingly impresses all who witness its representation. The Ida Lee of Mrs. Rush is a capital performance; in the scene, particularly, with Lord Remington, she displays histrionic ability of a high order; and indeed her whole performance deserves especial commendation. Nature has been bountiful to her in gifts both of person and of mind. She is graceful and lady-like, has an expressive and intelligent face, and deserves the encouragement of the play-going public." The *Sunday Mercury*, *Transcript*, *Dispatch*, and *Times*, together with the *Evening Telegraph* and *Union*, unite in according to her a front rank in her profession, and endorse her as an actress of superior ability.

THE PROTEAN ACTRESS, Miss Emma Madden, is now performing at Indianapolis as a star, and, we learn, is meeting with success.

THE PITTSBURGH ATHENÆUM is advertised to let either for the summer months or single night, in this issue of the CLIPPER.

OUR CHICAGO Correspondent, "Claude," writing on the 7th inst. says:—At McVicker's, Matilda Heron closed on the 2d inst. "Aurora Floyd" was produced on the 1st. Mr. B. Macauly, as John Mellish, was particularly fine, while Mr. Mackay, as Steve the Softy, was capital. On the 4th, Miss Rachel Johnson opened in "Ingomar." Her Parthenia is one of the best I ever saw. Possessed of a fine commanding appearance, a full melodious voice, and easy and natural action, and still young, she has already stamped herself as one of the best stock actresses that has ever appeared in Chicago. She has appeared as Julia, and as Pauline in "Delicate Ground," in both of which she was very fine. Last night (6th inst.), Mlle Augusta took a benefit, and was greeted with a full house, ... The Opera commences to night with "Barber of Seville," to-morrow night, "Don Pasquala." On Saturday, we are to have the regular company again in "Pauline the Assassin's Bride," and next week William Warren, the celebrated comedian, is the star.

J. B. ROBERTS, the well known tragedian, is now performing at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the 4th of July week having been the third of quite a successful engagement. As he is now making up his list of engagements for next season, managers wishing his services should address him as instructed in an advertisement in another column.

LITTLE ALICE ZAVISTOWSKI appears to have been very successful in her personation of Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Chicago Museum. In reference to her, the *Chicago Times* of June 30, says:—"At the Museum, Uncle Tom's Cabin was again as successful as it proved to be on its previous representations. There is certainly not much in the play as a play, but it affords room for a display of some good acting. The personation of "Eva" by Alice Zavistowski was of itself so natural—so child-like and affecting, that in several scenes many of the most hardened of playgoers were, in spite of themselves, melted to tears. The gentle, noble child—not the less childlike that approaching death gave to her all the knowledge, the sensitiveness, the deep and earnest love that characterizes woman—becomes necessarily an object of such intense interest, that it is all but impossible to contemplate her approaching fate without emotion. Then, as performed by this talented little girl—so interesting in appearance—so artistic in expression and action—so true to her part from the commencement to the end of the play—it became impossible for the most callous to withhold their sympathies, or to regard her as other than the beautiful, loving, and angelic creation of the author. Dickens' Nell has ever seemed the most perfect creation—as regards one of those children who seem destined even in their cradles to die young. Mrs. Stowe, in her drawing of this particular character, has almost surpassed Dickens. From the very moment that she first appears it is evident that she is not one destined to survive long.

"The good die first
And they whose hearts are dry as
Summer dust
Burn to the socket."

The acting of this talented child is in keeping with such a character, and, as such, elicited the deepest sympathy of the house. Mr. McManns played St. Clair with exactly that fine gentlemanly bearing and true feeling which belongs to the character."

MRS. CONWAY has changed the name of her theatre from the Park Theatre to the Summer Garden, and in order to establish some sort of claim to such a title, the large front room over the entrance has been transformed into a parlor conservatory, in which fountains and flowers, fishes and fragrance are the attractive features. In addition to this horticultural display, she has improved her company by engaging that sterling comedian, Davidge, for the season. On the 4th of July these new attractions were first presented to the Brooklyn public, and an improved attendance was the result for the first two or three nights. But even the best acting will pall unless the pieces are varied. When will some one try the Mitchell style, and introduce such plays as made the Olympic such a favorite resort? During the week "All is not Gold that Glitters" and "Shocking Events," have been the pieces presented, Davidge doing the comic in his best style in both. On Thursday the "Serious Family" was produced, and it was well performed, it being repeated on Friday, the afterpiece on both occasions being "To Paris and Back," in which Davidge appeared to great advantage in his peculiar line of characters. On Saturday "The Serious Family" and "The Wandering Minstrel" drew the best house of the week. Mrs. Conway took her benefit on the 11th inst.

THE TACON TROUPE, which started from Philadelphia some time ago on a short travelling tour, closed their season, according to the terms by which the party was originally organized, on the 4th inst., their last performance being given at Ogdensburg, N. Y. Although the enterprise has not proved very successful, pecuniarly, yet we are glad to learn that the management has liquidated all bills against the concern, while salaries have all been promptly paid and the company returned to the place from whence they started, or to such place as they chose to go to. As the season was limited to the 4th, at which time nearly all theatres came to a cessation, the Tacon Troupe closed as stated, and the members are now, we believe, enjoying a summer *siesta*.

THEATRICALS are dull in Philadelphia. The Arch closed on the 4th of July, and will remain so for several weeks, during which time the ornamentation and completion of the house, left unfinished last season, will go on. Some changes in the company will be made, but we are not yet informed of the names of the new comers.....The New Chestnut also closed on the 4th, but will probably reopen at an early day with the spectacle of "Aladdin," which is now in preparation. Mr. Grover's management at this house has been no better than Mr. Wheatley's; no man can run several theatres at one time, and do justice to all; this was the rock Mr. Wheatley split on when he attempted to make the New Chestnut play second fiddle to Niblo's Garden. He saw his error in time, and confines his operations now to Niblo's, where he is making a fortune. Grover tried to manage his Washington Theatre and the New Chestnut at the same time, but after a few weeks experience at the latter place, he began to tire of the job, changes took place in his company, and business fell off. We don't know what he intends to do next season, but we will tell him that if he wishes to succeed he must have a good, reliable company, and a succession of pieces other than those of the "Veteran" stripe.....The Walnut was announced to close on the 4th, but the management finding that the other houses had closed, determined to run the show a little longer, and the house is still playing the "Devil and Dr. Faust," with J. B. Roberts and Alexina Fisher Baker in the leading *roles*. The Walnut has done a good season's business. We understand that Mrs. Garrettson will have the management next season.....The Continental attempted a short dramatic season, but did not do much in the way of business.....It is rumored that a new theatre is to be started in the Quaker City, a number of gentlemen having purchased the property known as St. Barnabas' Church, in Seventeenth street, below Market, which they intend to convert into a dramatic temple. We cannot vouch for the correctness of this report. Three theatres are about as many as the people of that city care to support.....All things considered, the past theatrical season in Philadelphia has been remunerative to nearly all engaged in the business.

THE NEW TAX LAW fixes the annual license for theatres at $100, and two per cent on the gross receipts; opera the same.

MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH and wife, and Julia Gould Collins arrived in San Francisco June 10th.

MRS. JULIA DEAN HAYNE and Miss Annette Ince assumed the management of the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, June 10th, signalizing the event by the representation of the "Hunchback," with the following cast:—Julia, Miss Annette Ince; Helen, Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne; Master Walter, Mr. James H. Taylor: Sir Thomas Clifford, Frank Lawlor; Master Modus, Harry Courtaine: Fathom, Fred Franks. This rare combination of dramatic talent also includes Mrs. Judah. At the close of the play the fair manageresses were summoned before the curtain, when Mrs. Hayne made a few earnest and well chosen remarks, expressing their determination to conduct the establishment in such a manner as might worthily obtain the generous approbation and support of all lovers of the drama.

THE RICHINGS' continued at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, at last accounts. The spectacle of the "Enchantress" was performed for ten nights, when it was withdrawn and succeeded by "La Travista." A correspondent writing from that city, June 12, says:—"Much curiosity was felt as to Miss R.'s ability to sustain so intricate a *role* in the Italian opera. She had electrified us in English song, but could she pass the ordeal of the legitimate Italian opera? This was the all absorbing question with musical *quid-nuncs*, and many, who are carried away with the foolish idea that none but those nurtured on *maccaroni* are capable of properly rendering the works of the great masters, went to the theatre with the expectation of witnessing a *fiasco*; but how greatly were they mistaken! From the first note she uttered it was evident that Miss Richings was fully equal to the task she had undertaken. Her exquisite *tune* being in fine condition, she passed triumphantly from scene to scene, her powers of vocal execution and the spirit and correctness of her acting causing the most lively enthusiasm throughout the large and critical audience. "Satanella" was to be produced June 13th. Mlle. Acosta and Mons. Weithoff are dancing at this establishment.

THE AMERICAN EQUESTRIAN DRAMATIC TROUPE, consisting of Kate Raymond and Mr. O. B. Collins, together with Gates' highly trained horses, Black Bess and Grey Eagle, is prepared to negotiate with managers for the production of all the most popular sensation horse pieces of the day, including "Mazeppa," "Dick Turpin," "Jack Sheppard," and a host of other pieces, among which are several of startling effect, written expressly for Miss Raymond by Mr. John F. Poole. Parties wishing to secure the services of this troupe will find further particulars in an advertisment elsewhere.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Albany, closed its season last week. The building can now be rented to any travelling company that may desire its use. On the 4th of August Manager Trimble will commence to renovate and alter the place, so as to make it more suitable for the accommodation of the public. On the 12th or 15th of September he will throw open to the public, with a new company, a much improved place of amusement. The only artists who are to remain out of the old company are Mr. and Mrs. Stoddart and Steve Ashley.

L. P. BARRETT, one of the lessees of the New Orleans Varieties for the seasons of 1864-5, is rusticating near Boston. It is said that he will not appear on the boards of the Varieties until March, 1865.

JANE ENGLISH'S RAVEL TROUPE opened at Wood's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Monday evening, June 27th. Our correspondent "Hidden Hand," says:—"The features of this troupe that most please the public are the tight rope walking of M'lle. Rosita, the comic songs of Master Stewart, the tricks of Mons. Agoust, and the dancing of M'lle. Aubry. The troupe is doing a very fair business. I learn that La Belle Rosita leaves the troupe for the purpose of visiting the Niagara Falls. She purposes walking across the falls upon a

DAN CASTELLO'S SHOW performed at Shawneetown, Ill., on the 4th inst. They are now on their boat, the J. Roberts, making for all the towns along the Ohio river. The company had a big scare lately, while performing at Commerce, Missouri, and our Cairo, Ill. correspondent sends us the following particulars relating to the affair. "Show folks—as well as other kind of folks—often have amusing adventures, but we do not know when we heard anything that amused us so much as the great guerilla scare of Dan Castello's Circus company at Commerce, Mo., night before last. The company arrived there, in accordance with their previous announcement, and gave an afternoon performance to a crowded house. Again in the evening they had a good house, but they had heard mysterious hints about guerillas, and when, early in the evening, they saw three rockets fired into the air from different points within the limits of the town, their fear greatly increased, and they imagined that the day of judgment—called 'guerilla,' for short—was upon them. We doubt if, in the annals of 'sawdust,' a performance was ever before rushed through in the same double-quick manner that this was. Dan Castello forgot all his 'funniments' just as Marks forgot his dignity. Pete Conklin forgot to black his face for the 'nigger business,' and his respected brother came near forgetting himself. As for the German musicians, their 'feet got cold and they left' at a rate of speed that led to the impression that they were 'going to fight mit Sigel.' Notwithstanding the excitement attending upon such a scare, all succeeded in getting upon their boat, the Jeannette Roberts, in the shortest possible space of time. Members of the cork opera—those who were calm enough to black up at all—discarded all idea of washing off the discoloring cork until they were safely out of Commerce. The streets were filled with gentlemen with black faces, cutaway coats and wide collars; gentlemen in tights and spangles, gentlemen tight without spangles, gentlemen in stripes and patches, and in fact, gentlemen in all sorts of fantastic costumes, and some, in too much of a hurry to go on foot, took the more expeditious mode of going on horseback. There were also ladies in spangles and ladies in short skirts, all making desperately for the landing. The citizens of Commerce say they never saw such a scare before. We don't blame the boys, though. We also have a holy horror of 'guerillas,' and had we been there we would have been the first man aboard the boat."

THE THAYER & NOYES party is meeting with good success. Their route ahead is as follows: Hollidaysburgh, 12th; Altoona, 13th; Tyrone City, 14th; Huntingdon, 15th; Belleville, 16th; Lewistown, 18th; Mifflintown, 19th; Millerstown, 20th; Duncannon, 21st; Harrisburg, 22d and 23d.

Miscellaneous.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE did a good business Fourth of July week in the Eastern towns of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. On the 7th and 8th, they were at Lowell, Mass.

MISS GEORGIE DEAN SPALDING, said to be a most excellent performer on the harp, commences an engagement on the 18th inst., with Mr. Gilmore at his promenade concerts at the Boston Theatre.

HUBBARD'S Polyorama of the War was at Newburyport, Mass., July 4th.

MUSEUMS and concert halls must hereafter pay $100 each for a license, and two per cent. on the gross receipts. Jugglers pay a license of $20; gift enterprises, $50; and exhibitions not otherwise provided for, $10.

DAVIES AND WOODWARD'S Polyorama of the War was in Halifax last week.

AT THE SHOWMEN'S HEADQUARTERS, No. 355 Broome street, N. Y. city, showmen can always procure excellent refreshment, and the proprietor is always at home to impart information. Mr. Burckard wishes to hear from Eugene Gorman, as he has something important to communicate to him.

L. J. HUGHES is exhibiting a Magic Lantern at Oregon. He was at Albany June 9th.

OSSIAN E. DODGE and Wm. Hayward were in Eugene City, Oregon Ter., June 6th; Harrisburg, 7th; Corrallis, 8th; and Albany, 9th, on their way to Portland, where they were to be June 15th.

PEARSON'S Historic Mirror of the War was at Jacksonville, Oregon Ter., June 6th and 7th. R. J. Batchelder and Frank Russell, of Lowell, Mass., were running the show and were making money. They were on their way to Washoe, and thence across the plains home.

THE OREGONIANS seem to have taken a great fancy to the Dodge and Hayward concerts. A correspondent, writing from Corrallis, Oregon Ter., says: "Messrs. Dodge and Hayward give one of the best entertainments ever given on the Pacific coast. Charley Sprenger, of the City Hotel, keeps the CLIPPER on file for the benefit of his guests."

FRIEND'S Pictorial Tour in Ireland, England, and Scotland was on exhibition at Montreal, C. E., last week.

A STEREOPTICON is advertised, in this issue of the CLIPPER, for sale at much less than cost price, by Earl Howard. For further particulars see advertisement referred to.

JOHN MCALLISTER closed his season at Music Hall, New Haven, Ct., July 2d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, to fair business, the extreme heat being unfavorable.

MAD. POZZONI gave a concert at Alton, Ill., on the 9th inst., and announced a second one for the 11th inst.

MRS. JANE PISHOU (formerly Miss Jane Campbell), Barnum's fat woman, died at Brookfield, Mass., June 30th, aged 24 years. Her coffin was 6 feet long, 18 inches deep, and three feet wide, and it took ten men to place the body within it. In order to get the coffin containing the remains from the house, it was necessary to remove the casings of the door. The deceased at the time she was exhibited weighed 680 pounds. She died of scrofula, from which she had been suffering for some time.

ANOTHER mode of robbing has come to light. When the crowd was pressing around the ticket office window at Hartford, Conn., last week, to gain admittance to the performance of Morris, Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels, there would be half a dozen hands thrust into the window at once, all holding money and waiting for tickets. As half the owners could not see their own hands, when they felt their dollar bills taken out of their fingers, they naturally thought it was the ticket seller, and waited for tickets and the change—but it was in many cases a thief by their side who got their money!

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE continue doing a good business; in fact, we hear nothing but the best report at all times of this most excellent variety troupe. On the 9th inst. the party was at Fitchburg, Mass. On the 11th and 12th they were advertised to be at Worcester, Mass.; 13th, Westfield; and 14th and 15th at Pittsfield.

DR. W. P. MARTIN'S "Musical Gymnastics" closed on the 3d inst., for want of patronage. It was a good entertainment, it is said, but the people couldn't see it.

DUBOIS (the Frenchman) gives his lecture at Washburne Hall, Worcester, Mass., July 14th.

ILLUMINATED PRINTING, besides various illustrations of the printer's art, are gotten up in the best possible style by Joseph Warren & Co., Buffalo. Managers and agents of dramatic, circus and minstrel shows, etc., should give this firm an opportunity to show what they can do when travelling that way. See advertisement in another column.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

ACCORDING to the Berlin press, Miss Paulina Lucca was compelled to break her London engagement in order not to ruin her voice and her health. "The rehearsals lasted six hours; in the performance, the parts had to be sung almost twice over by reason of the inconsiderate encores; besides this, the manager regularly hired her out to sing at parties—to say nothing of the detestation of everything German, especially Austrian and Prussian, which is now well known to prevail in London." She was partly induced to retire from the Covent Garden stage, says another scribe, "by the bearing of England towards Germany." On arriving at Berlin, we learn, however, that she thought it advisable to consult three physicians, who have ordered her off to the baths for two months.

UNSWORTH continues to be one of the main stays at Morton's Music Hall, London. Eugene is also there, and both are great favorites with the public.

THE HAYMARKET, London, was announced to close, June 29th, with a benefit to Mr. Buckstone.

THE LYCEUM, London, brought its season to a close June 27th, owing to the necessity of M. Fechter ceasing to tax, by nightly strain, a constitution which has been much weakened by the consequences of his recent accident.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the popular American comedian, made his re-appearance at the Theatre Royal, Hobart Town, Australia, March 8d, in his great character of Asa Trenchard, to J. R. Greville's Lord Dundreary, in "Our American Cousin." The house was crowded almost to excess, and the hearty applause which greeted the performers throughout was a most convincing proof of the thorough appreciation which all present experienced, alike of the genuine merit of the comedy, and the high talent of the representatives of the various parts.

MRS. CHARLES BOYCE, for many years an actress of repute at the principal Metropolitan and Provincial Theatres, died after a long indisposition, at Hammersmith, London, June 15th, and was interred at Brompton Cemetery. Mrs. B. was born February 4th, 1822, and made her first appearance in London at the Strand Theatre as Patty, in a dramatised version of Douglas Jerrold's "Story of a Feather" in June, 1845. Her husband, Mr. Charles Boyce, died about fourteen years ago. The last engagement of the widow was at the Queen's Theatre, but for some time she had filled a prominent position at the Adelphi and the Olympic. As an actress she had great powers of expression, a sweet, sympathetic voice, and a face and figure that came greatly in aid of her professional acquirements. The cause of her death was consumption.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN has taken a fresh lease of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia, for seven years.

MR. BATEMAN, the father of Miss Bateman, contradicts the statement that his daughter was about to be married to "a gallant officer in Her Majesty's service." The statement is characterized by Mr. Bateman as being destitute of even a shadow of foundation.

MLLE. FEIX, one of the most popular of the actresses of the Theatre Francais, died on June 12th, in childbed. The deceased lady left the theatre about a year ago, on her marriage with M. Salvado, one of the directors of the Credit Mobilier.

AT THE LEWES COUNTY COURT, England, Wednesday, June 22, M. Louis George Julien came up *in forma pauperis* from Lewes Gaol, where he had been imprisoned since the previous Friday, to petition the Court under the Bankruptcy Act. It appeared from the statement submitted to the Court that M. Julien's debts amount to upwards of £1,400, and the detaining creditor is Mr. Robert Richard Bignall. The bankrupt stated, in answer to questions put to him, that he had no household furniture, outstanding debts, or estates or effects of any kind; that he was married, and had no children, and had recently been living with his father-in-law, Mr. Warwick. The first meeting of creditors was fixed for Wednesday, the 6th of July.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
THE COOLEST THEATRE IN THE CITY.
THE ILLUMINATED GARDEN OPEN EVERY EVENING.
MONDAY EVENING, July 11, 1864.
First engagement in this Theatre of the distinguished Artiste
MISS LUCILLE WESTERN,
who will appear this and every evening as Marie de Lascours and Ogarita, in the celebrated Dramatic Romance, in five tableaux, entitled
THE SEA OF ICE,
which has been for some time in preparation, and now produced for the first time at this establishment, with appropriate Scenery, Costumes, Appointments, and the Original Music.
MARIE DE LASCOURS, afterwards Ogarita,
MISS LUCILLE WESTERN
Carlos, afterwards the Marquis Del Moets.....Mr. L. R. Shewell
Paradas.....
Medoc.....Mr. Charles Peters
Seats secured six days in advance.
.....Mr. J. Seymour
Commences 7½; concludes 10:40. 14

A FINE STEREOPTICON, used one month, with 130 Views, Staging, Canvas, &c., all complete for travelling; costing $762, will be sold for $350 cash, if applied for immediately. Address KARL HOWARD, New York city. 14-1t*

AMUSEMENTS.

J. W. Morse & Co.
DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS ON WOOD IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
105 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, July 11.
LAST WEEK
OF
First night of the MISS KATE FISHER.
GORGEOUS SPECTACLE
OF THE
CATARACT OF THE GANGES,
Introducing the celebrated Trained Horse
NEW SCENERY, BONNIE BLACK BESS.
MACHINERY,
100 AUXILIARIES,
Musical Conductor.....ORIGINAL MUSIC.
MR. G. W. THOMPSON FOR THREE NIGHTS ONLY.
NATIONAL DEFENCES, and
ANOTHER GLASS. 14

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
THE BEST
VENTILATED HALL
IN THE CITY.
MONDAY, JULY 11th,
And every evening during the week,
WHO STOLE THE CARPET BAG?
DAMON AND PYTHIAS.
THE FATE OF SEMMES, DAVIS & CO.,
GIDEON'S BAND,
THE BIRD HUNTERS, &c.,
By the
STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
NOTICE.—No connection with any traveling company assuming the name of Vood's Minstrels. 14

MISS LEO. HUDSON,
"THE MAZEPPA QUEEN."
This superb and fascinating Artiste, pronounced by the press and public the most magnificent Equestrian attraction of the day, is now completing her engagements for the ensuing Fall and Winter Season. Managers desirous of the services of this talented and attractive lady, will please address AGENT, CLIPPER office.

LEO HUDSON	is the	MAZEPPA QUEEN.
LEO HUDSON	in	ROOKWOOD.
LEO HUDSON	in	CLAUDE DUVAL.
LEO HUDSON	in	EAGLE EYE.
LEO HUDSON	in	THE FRENCH SPY.
LEO HUDSON	in	HERNE THE HUNTER.
LEO HUDSON	in	THE WIZARD SKIFF.
LEO HUDSON	in	JACK SHEPPARD.
LEO HUDSON	in	THE FEMALE SPY.
LEO HUDSON	in	EL HYDER.

AND FORTY OTHER NEW, NOVEL, AND THRILLING EQUESTRIAN DRAMAS.

MISS LEO HUDSON'S
"GRAND SENSATION."
The noblest steed on the American Stage, now undergoing a thorough course of training on Miss Hudson's farm, Hudson Grove, near Baltimore, will, with his charming mistress form the greatest Equestrian attraction during the ensuing season ever witnessed. Managers will please address
AGENT, CLIPPER office.
MISS LEO HUDSON'S
SUMPTUOUS WARDROBE,
TRAPPINGS, LITHOGRAPHS, CUTS, &c.,
All entirely new, original, and appropriate in design, prepared expressly, regardless of expense, for the ensuing season, will place this beautiful and daring Equestrienne before the public in a manner hitherto unattempted, and entitle her to the distinguished position universally conceded—"The Mazeppa Queen." Managers will please address AGENT, CLIPPER office. 14

IMPORTANT TO MANAGERS AND AGENTS.
COURIER STEAM PRINTING HOUSE,
176 AND 178 WASHINGTON STREET,
BUFFALO.
DESIGNING! ENGRAVING! AND PRINTING!
The Proprietors of this Establishment respectfully call the attention of Managers and Agents to the fact that they are now prepared with improved facilities to fill orders for
PLAIN OR ILLUMINATED PRINTING
of all kinds, such as
POSTERS, STREAMERS, PROGRAMMES, CUTS, TABLETS, OVALS, &c., &c., &c.,
in the very best style, promptly, and at fair prices.
Our stock of Type, Cuts, Borders, Ornaments, Emblems, &c., is very large and of the latest style. In addition to which we have a Corps of first class Artists continually employed engraving new designs of every description.
SEVERAL NEW NOVELTIES FOR MINSTREL COMPANIES, Also, New Novelties for
CONCERT AND VARIETY TROUPES.
PARTIES OWNING CUTS OR DESIGNS, will consult their interest by obtaining our estimates for furnishing their work. We have facilities for printing any size sheet, from the mastodon (38 by 56 inches), to the smallest, in any number of colors, in the very best manner.
Estimates for any kind of Printing always cheerfully given.
All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.
Address JOSEPH WARREN & CO.,
Courier Steam Printing House,
178 Washington St., Buffalo.
Terms, Cash. 14

CARD TO PROFESSIONALS.--
OPEN YOUR EYES!
In reply to the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Concert Hall Profession, who are daily applying to us for engagements, we would state most positively, that, until they put a stop to the newly discovered dodge of managers who make a business of getting performers from us for the purpose of
RELETTING AND EXCHANGING
them with other managers, thereby speculating on both performer and manager, neither performer or manager need apply to us hereafter. We do not care how long or how short a period we engage performers for; but at the expiration of their engagements they must be either returned to us, or the future engagement must be made through us. We are aware that certain parties don't like our style of drawing articles, as they are in the habit of persuading the performers to tear them and sign fresh articles with them, with the understanding that if the Lady or Gentleman will drop one third on their salaries, said bushwhacking manager will keep said unsophisticated performer in constant employ, by the EXCHANGE DODGE, provided he can persuade his brother manager to give him a third or a half more than he pays himself. If this hint don't take, we will station an agent in every city where the THIEVING SCHEME is most practiced, and we know exactly where they are most respected.
14-1t JAS. CONNER & CO.,
25 West Houston street, New York.

CHASE'S
GREAT
COMBATIVE MINSTRELS,
Composed of the following
ARRAY OF TALENT,
among whom will be found many of the principal performers of
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS:
DAVE REED,
CHARLEY FOX, J. WALLACE,
W. L. HOBBS, J. GARRATAGUI,
MORRISON, SAVORI,
TEMPLETON, GREER,
HILTON, HOSFELD,
GUNN, WINANS,
J. W. CHARLES, and BONIFACE.
The above Troupe start out for a short travelling tour, visiting the principal cities on the Erie Road. The first performance takes place at Elizabeth July 11th.
14-1t H. A. CHASE, Jr., Manager.
J. S. FERGUSON, Agent.

KATE FISHER, the Imperial Kate,
Now renewing her former triumphs at the
NEW BOWERY THEATRE,
in her attractive
EQUESTRIAN, MELODRAMATIC,
AND
PROTEAN SPECIALITIES.
This very versatile and talented actress is GREETED nightly by PACKED and ENTHUSIASTIC HOUSES, at the above theatre, and her noble Arab barb,
WONDER,
is unquestionably the greatest card in the country.
Managers desiring the services of this popular ARTISTE next season, will please address
KATE FISHER,
14 New Bowery Theatre.

MUSICAL.--A Violoncello Performer of acknowledged ability wishes an engagement to travel, or otherwise. Advertiser playing Solos occasionally (which have much pleased select audiences), would render his services an acquisition to a good company. Plays, also, Violin as secundo and Viola. Commands left for Mr. H. W. WALSH, at 499 Broome street, or at JAMES CONNER & CO.'S, 25 West Houston street, New York, will meet attention. June 27th, 1864. 14-1t*

RARE CHANCE to Theatrical and Musical Company.—The Pittsburgh Athenæum, a COMPLETE THEATRE, with Sceneries, etc., seating more than One Thousand persons, will be for Rent, either for the entire summer months, or by the single night, on very reasonable terms. Apply to
A. CHARLES,
14-4t Pittsburgh.

THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL WIGS; also, BEARDS, CURLS, SKULL CAPS, MOUSTACHES, etc.—Goods sent to all parts of the country. Managers and Actors are invited to visit our establishment, and examine the best stock of Theatrical Wigs ever manufactured. All goods are warranted to fit.
☞ SEND FOR OUR PRICE LIST.
PAUL DE SPOTTE,
14-2t* 15 West Houston street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

MISS KATE VANCE, the Great Equestrienne and MELO-DRAMATIC ACTRESS, and Mr. Deagle's champion horse, DON JUAN, has retired to her beautiful mansion, Deagle Villa, St. Louis, for the summer months. All business letters addressed to
14-1t JAS. CONNER & CO.,
25 West Houston street, New York.

MISS EMMA MADDEN.
This beautiful and celebrated Protean Actress HAVING LATELY CONCLUDED a fine Star Engagement in St. Louis, is now drawing crowded houses at Indianapolis, where she will remain for two weeks longer. 14-1t

CRICKET.

The Capitoline Hotel,
BEDFORD AVE., near GATES AVE.,
BROOKLYN.
Johnson's Celebrated Old Burton, East India and XXX Ale on draught.
A 1 Liquors and Segars.
THE BEST QUOIT GROUND IN THE CITY, in perfect order at all times.
A GOOD BILLIARD ROOM, where parties can enjoy a quiet Game, with Good Attendance.
"BYRON," OF CRICKET RENOWN, will be happy to meet all comers in a friendly contest. 9-3m*

Cricket. Cricket. Cricket.
I have on hand the Largest, Best, and Cheapest
STOCK OF CRICKETING IMPLEMENTS IN THE U. S.
List of prices sent by mail. Address J. PARKER,
14-5t* Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Matches Arranged.
JULY 13.—Satellite, second eleven, vs. New York, third eleven, at Bedford.
14 and 15.—St. George, vs. Boston, at Boston.
21.—Satellite, second eleven, vs. Manhattan, second eleven, at Hoboken.
AUG. 2.—Satellite, first eleven, vs. Manhattan, first eleven, (return match) at Hoboken.
10.—Satellite vs. New York (return match) at Bedford.

GREAT CRICKET MATCH
BETWEEN THE
NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB AND ALL MASSACHUSETTS.

The annual cricket match between the picked eleven of the New York Cricket Club and an eleven selected from the clubs of the State of Massachusetts, was commenced on the morning of the 5th inst., on the ground of the Boston Club, at East Cambridge. The New York players, accompanied by a large party of friends, left New York on Saturday evening, the 2d inst., on the steamer City of Boston, and after a pleasant journey, arrived in Boston early on Sunday morning, and at once proceeded to the Bromfield House, where they were welcomed by the courteous host, Frank Crockett, Esq. (who is also the President of the Boston Cricket Club), and a number of the Boston cricketers. In the afternoon they were taken possession of by their hospitable opponents, and in their company enjoyed a delightful drive around the beautiful suburbs of which the Modern Athens are so justly proud, and which far exceed in loveliness of scenery most cities in the Northern States. A day thus delightfully enjoyed and a good night's rest, which made ample amends for the deprivation of "nature's sweet restorer" the preceding evening, found them on the morning of the "Glorious Fourth" in capital condition and spirits for the match between the Second Eleven of the New York Club and the Second Eleven of the Boston Cricket Club, which stood first on the programme of the weeks' cricketing proceedings. Our space will not allow us to report in detail the particulars of this match, and we shall confine ourselves to giving the most prominent features of the play. New York went to the bat first, and scored 77, of which Oakley and Tyler contributed 20 and 13, being the only double figures in the innings; the bowling of Solman and Cashman being very effective. The Bostonians placed 50 to their credit, leaving them 27 behind. In the second innings New York scored 114, Tyler contributing 15, Oakley 20, and Miller 18. The Boston players then went in, and at 7 o'clock P. M., the hour appointed for drawing the stumps, they had scored 72 runs, Lowther having placed 30 and Cashman 16 on the record, and neither out. If the time had permitted, it is quite possible, and indeed probable, that the Bostonians would have rubbed off the score against them. We give the score, the game being decided by the result of the first innings:—

NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Suydam b Solman	0	b Cashman	2
Hall b Sullivan	0	c and b Cashman	2
Miller b Solman	7	b Cashman	2
Tyler c Ridgeley b Solman	13	b Sullivan	18
Moore c Lowther b Solman	7	run out	15
Oakley b Cashman	20	b Solman	0
Neff c P Sullivan b Solman	7	b Solman	0
Podmore b Solman	0	not out	20
Bull b Cashman	0	b Cashman	4
Doherty not out	4	b Cashman	8
Daly hit wkt b Cashman	2	b Solman	3
Byes, 9, l. b. 1, wides 6, n. b. 1	17	Byes 19, leg byes 5, wides 18	42
Total	77	Total	114

BOSTON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Lowther c and b Suydam	2	not out	30
P Sullivan b Suydam	8	b Tyler	0
Solman c and b Tyler	11	b Tyler	2
M Sullivan b Miller	15	c Podmore b Suydam	9
Cashman b Tyler	0	not out	16
Ridgley b Miller	2		
Reid run out	3		
Kilner not out	4		
Collamore b Tyler	0		
Davis c Moore b Miller	0		
Lancey b Tyler	0		
Bye 1, leg byes 2, wides 2	5	byes 9, wides 5, no ball 1	15
Total	50	Total	72

THE STATE MATCH
Commenced on Tuesday morning, at 11 o'clock, A. M. The Massachusetts players, having won the toss, sent the New Yorkers to the wickets, Sharp and Hudson batting against the artillery practice of Martin and O'Brien. They played steadily for some time, scoring singles, the bowling and fielding being too good for double runs, until 13 was on the score, when Sharp made a fine cut for 2, and was soon afterwards bowled by Martin; his score of 10 was the result of fine, steady cricket. The first wicket fell for 22 runs. Higham, the captain of the New York players, followed, but quickly lost his partner, Hudson, who was beautifully caught by Hind between slip and point, after he had placed 15 to his individual credit —2 wickets for 33 runs. Hammond followed, but was bowled the first ball by a shooter from Martin—3 wickets for 33. Byron now joined Higham, and together they gave a fine display of magnificent hitting and strong defense, running up the score to 66, when a change of bowlers took place, Clark going on at O'Brien's end. Dinner was announced when 83 was telegraphed. After an excellent mid-day repast, play was resumed, and Byron was quickly caught by O'Brien off his own bowling for 24, obtained by admirable cricket; his score comprised a 3, six 2's and singles—4 wickets for 84 runs. Sadler joined Higham, whose batting, like his defense, could not be surpassed. Sadler had only put 3 on the score when O'Brien found the way to the wicket with a shooter —5 wickets for 91 runs. Crossley, who followed, was speedily sent back to the tent by O'Brien for 2—6 wickets for 111 runs. Suydam came next, but a shooter from O'Brien sent him back without scoring—7 wickets for 111 runs. Oakley came, saw, and retired for a round 0, Martin giving him his quietus with one of his familiars—8 wickets for 113. Tyler was run out for 0, and Martin off O'Brien's bowling, Higham bringing out his bat for a score of 43, after as fine a display of cricketing as we have ever had the pleasure of witnessing, and which ensured him an ovation of applause on returning to the club-house. The total score was 126. The field of the Massachusetts players was arranged with admirable judgment by the Captain, Charles Draper, Esq.; Burgess, of Fall River, was long-stop, Clark, of Shelburne Falls, point, Draper short-stop, Blanchard and Emmet mid-wicket on and off, Florence long-leg, Fletcher cover-point, and Easton wicket-keeper. The long-stopping was admirable, as indeed was the entire fielding of the Massachusetts eleven.

At 3:15 P. M., the State commenced their innings by sending in Eaton and Hind (both of Shelburne Falls) to the bowling of Sadler (round arm) and Hammond. They commenced scoring runs rapidly, Hind succumbing to Hammond for a well obtained 9—one wicket for 21 runs. Clark (Shelburne Falls) came next, Crossley taking the ball at Sadler's end, and bowling Clark by a shooter for a round 0-2 wickets for 22 runs. Blanchard (Boston) followed, and quickly lost his partner Eaton, who was run out for a well got 6—3 wickets for 23; Blanchard immediately after retiring at a summons from Crossley for 0—4 wickets for 24. Draper (Boston), the crack batsman of Massachusetts, who had succeeded Eaton, was then joined by Burgess (Fall River), but the partnership was quickly dissolved by his being caught by Hudson off Hammond for 2—5 wickets for 28 runs. Fletcher (Lowell), was bowled the first ball by a reaper from Crossley—6 wickets 28 runs. Florence (Lowell), was his successor, and after defending his wicket for a long time, fell a victim to one of Crossley's shooters for 4—7 wickets for 44 runs. O'Brien, the Boston bowler, now became Draper's vis-a-vis, and his left handed slashing hitting, with Draper's splendid forward drives and leg hitting, soon made the aspect of the game more promising. O'Brien commenced with a fine drive for 4, and he followed it up so successfully, that before Hammond found the way into his wicket, he had run up the score to 86, of which he contributed 18 off his own bat. Emmett (Lowell) was bowled by Crossley for a round 94 runs; and Martin (Boston) was bowled by Crossley for 3—9 wickets for 0; Draper bringing out his bat with 34 and "not out" attached to his name. His play throughout was in accordance with his high character as a finished cricketer at all points. The total score was 94, leaving the Massachusetts players 32 behind on the first innings.

SECOND DAY'S PLAY.

On Wednesday morning, at half-past ten o'clock, the wickets were pitched and the great match resumed, Suydam and Hudson defending the wickets against the bowling of O'Brien and Martin. These two batsmen quickly ran up the score to 27 before 2 wickets for 25 runs. Higham succeeded him, but before he had a chance of scoring, Martin gave him notice to quit, and the third wicket fell for 26. Hammond came next, and had only time to place a single to his credit, before a ball from O'Brien glanced off his leg on to the wicket; 4 men out for 29 runs. Things now began to look gloomy for New York, but as they still had some good batsmen to go in, they did not despair. Byron, one of the finest cricketers in the country, and a player with a strong defence, took the vacant place of Hammond, and with Hudson, gave the fielders some employment before the former was caught by O'Brien off Martin, a beautiful catch for 5; 5 wickets for 37 runs. Sadler had not long been Hudson's partner before the latter was magnificently taken by Eaton at the wicket; his score of 9 was the result of as fine legitimate cricket as was ever witnessed, he having been at the wicket nearly two hours for that score; 6 wickets for 38. Crossley joined Sadler, who was shortly after bowled by O'Brien, when he had put 5 to his credit on the score sheet; 7 wickets for 49 runs. Oakley fell a victim to the same destructive bowler for 5; 8 wickets for 54 runs. Tyler was run out through his own fault for a couple; 9 wickets for 58. Neff was the last man, and defended his wicket well for a short time, but at last was secured by Draper off O'Brien for a single, Crossley bringing out his bat for a well obtained 8. The total score was 61, which, with the surplus of 32 the New Yorkers had in the first innings, made the latter players have 93 to get to tie, and 94 to win. The fielding of the Massachusetts players in this innings was brilliant in the extreme.

Confident in their ability to win, the Mass. Eleven sent in Burgess and Blanchard to the bat, to the bowling of Crossley and Hammond. They commenced scoring rapidly, when Burgess was finely bowled by Hammond for 4. His successor was the Old Sheffield player, Eaton, and together they changed the aspect of affairs for the State completely. They hit the bowling all over the field, scored runs with surprising rapidity, and completely mastering the bowling, rendered a change necessary. Sadler with his "Shoddy" went on at Crossley's end, but he was knocked about with impunity. Byron bowled in place of Hammond, but with no better result. The telegraph announced at brief intervals, 40, 50, 60, 70, and 80, amid the tumultuous cheering of the excited assemblage. At last Hudson took the ball at Hammond's end, and the change was fatal to Eaton, who was taken by Hammond at point; the most brilliant catch in the whole match; his score of 45 comprised two 4's, two 3's, three 2's and singles, and was the result of splendid cricket; two wickets for 87 runs. Clark succeeded him, but his anxiety to get a run proved fatal, as he was run out for 0; 3 wickets for 87 runs. Hind came next, but did not score, as Blanchard, with two magnificent drives for 3 and 5 respectively, obtained the required number to win, and the Massachusetts Eleven for the second time since the match was originated, were hailed the victors, with seven wickets to spare. The batting of Blanchard for his score of 36 was the theme of universal praise. His defence was impenetrable, and his leg hitting and drives superb, and he well deserved the ovation of applause he received as he returned to the tent.

The ball, emblematic of victory, was publicly presented by H. Sharp to F. Crockett, Esq., the President of the Boston Club, immediately after the match, in a speech in which he sketched the circumstances attendant on the origin of the match between the State of Massachusetts and the New York Club (and for the establishment of which the credit is due to Henry Perkins, Esq., of Lowell, and Wm. Lumb, Esq., of Boston), and, in alluding to the warm friendship which existed both individually and collectively between the members of the New York and Massachusetts Elevens, and the pleasant ties of social intercourse which connected them, in sincerity declared that there was no club to whom they could surrender the trophy of defeat with greater pleasure than to the Eleven of Massachusetts. He paid a high and well-merited compliment to the brilliant cricketing shown by the Shelburne Falls players, as well as to the splendid batting of Draper and Blanchard of the Boston Club, and to the admirable long-stopping of Burgess of Fall River. Mr. Frank Crockett, the recipient of the ball, as the President of the Boston Club, was equally happy in his acknowledgment of the reciprocal pleasure enjoyed by the Massachusetts players in meeting their New York opponents on the "tented field," as was also Mr. Lumb, the former President of the Club. A round of cheers for the two Elevens was then given, and thus terminated the annual States Cricket Match of 1864. The courtesies and hospitalities of the Bostonians did not cease with the termination of the match. A delightful day and dinner at the Chelsea Beach Hotel on Thursday, and a most interesting visit on the following day to the world-renowned Dr. Winship—the practical illustrator of the theory of physical development, in which the Doctor most obligingly went through many of those astonishing muscular exercises which have rendered him a marvel of Herculean development—was enjoyed by the New York cricketers. Their only anxiety and desire is, to endeavor, on the occasion of the next match, to acknowledge, in some degree, however faint, their sense of the generous courtesy and hospitality extended to them by the whole-souled cricketers of Massachusetts. The score:—

NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Sharp b Martin	10	ct O'Brien b Martin	1
Hudson c Hind b Martin	15	c Eaton b Martin	9
Higham not out	43	b Martin	9
Hammond b Martin	0	b O'Brien	1
Byron c and b O'Brien	24	ct O'Brien b Martin	1
Sadler b O'Brien	3	b O'Brien	5
Crossley b O'Brien	2	not out	8
Suydam b O'Brien	0	ct Blanch b O'Brien	9
Oakley b Martin	2	b O'Brien	5
Tyler run out	0	run out	2
Neff c Martin b O'Brien	1	c Draper b O'Brien	1
Byes 12, l b 4, wides 10	26	Byes 6, l b 2, wides 6	14
Total	126	Total	61

MASSACHUSETTS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Eaton run out	6	c Hind b Hudson	45
Hind b Hammond	9	not out	0
Clark b Crossly	0	run out	0
T. Blanchard b Crossly	0	not out	36
C. Draper not out	34		
T. Burgess c Hudson b Hammond	2	b Hammond	4
R. Fletcher b Crossly	0		
G. Florence b Crossly	4		
J. O'Brien b Hammond	18		
Emmott b Crossly	3		
D. Martin b Crossly	0		
Byes 5, l b 1, wides 12	18	Byes 3, l b 2, wides 6	11
Total	94	Total	96

Umpires—Messrs. Lumb and Dr. Lindsey.
Scorers—Messrs. St. John and Davies.

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.
Massachusetts Eleven—First Innings.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
O'Brien	127	47	7	5	0
Martin	148	50	12	4	0
Clark	24	3	4	0	0
Second Innings.					
O'Brien	115	21	10	5	1
Martin	100	26	8	4	5
New York Eleven—First Innings.					
Sadler	16	9	1	0	
Hammond	104	35	10	3	6
Crosaly	92	32	9	3	4
Second Innings.					
Crosaly	52	21	4	0	0
Hammond	52	21	1	1	4
Byron	53	25	4	0	1
Sadler	20	15	0	0	0
Hudson	8	3	1	1	1

NEW YORK VS. SATELLITE.—The New York second eleven visited the Satellite club, on the 20th of June, and from the team they had with them, they fully expected an easy victory. Some bad judgment in generalling the party led to a defeat, a total of 64 extras being a prominent cause of the disaster. We append the score:—

SATELLITE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Walton c Weasons b Suydam	1	b Tyler	8
James b Suydam	8	run out	4
Hurring b Suydam	10	run out	0
Mudie not out	37	run out	2
Pink b Hamer	0		
Walker b Suydam	0		
Watson b Hamer	3		
Palen c and b Tyler	7		
Tiller run out	3		
Arthur c Fawcett b Tyler	0		
Wright b Tyler	4		
Byes 23, leg byes 3, wides 22	48	Byes 6, leg bye 1, wides 9	16
Total	116	Total	30

NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Moore b Pink	2	not out	27
Suydam b Pink	18	b Pink	16
Hall b Pink	1	c Palen b Pink	12
Tyler c Palen b Pink	2	c James b Mudie	1
Oakley b Mudie	1	b Pink	13
Wearing b Pink	0	run out	3
Fawcett b Pink	0	c Hurring b Mudie	0
Neff run out	0	c James b Mudie	2
Banks c Pink b Mudie	0	b Mudie	0

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

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OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

The best Minstrel Entertainment in the world, given by the following well known Artists:—

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W. S. BUDWORTH,	H. MUDGE,	J. STONE,
J. A. HERMAN,	C. CAMPBELL,	G. A. PARKERSON,
C. HUNNEMAN,	E. HASLAM,	W. EWERS,
C. FRUMMEL,	P. JONES,	and others.

Every Phase of Ethiopian Minstrelsy legitimately performed. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8.

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OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
Are now on their usual
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MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:

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BILLY MORRIS,	R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT,	R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	L. A. ZWISSLER,
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The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.

Tickets 30 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.

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THE LEADING MODEL TROUPE
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TWENTY-FOUR
BRILLIANT ETHIOPIAN STARS,
Defying and far excelling all competition, not even excepting soft
IRON CLAD MINSTRELSY.
THE WORLD OUTDONE
By the famous and ever popular
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BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND.

The largest, oldest and most complete Troupe ever organized and brought before the public, introducing four unequalled Comedians in the persons of Charley Reynolds, Lew Benedict, J. E. Green and Harry Stanwood.

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A BRASS BAND OF SIXTEEN PIECES,
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For full particulars see programmes of the day.

On the arrival at each city the Brass Band will march from the depot to the hotel.

CHAS. H. DUPREZ.

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"HUDSON RIVER HOUSE,"
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NEW AND MAGNIFICENT HALL,
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The regular FALL AND WINTER SEASON will commence On
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18 STAR PERFORMERS,
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FRANK FORREST, Proprietor and Manager.
G. W. FORREST, Treasurer. 7-tf

OH! BEWARE OF RICHMOND, Indiana, where the authorities have power to charge Hall Shows $35 per night.

A CARD FOR THE BENEFIT OF TRAVELLING MINSTREL TROUPES AND THE PROFESSION GENERALLY.—Beware of the BLEEDING Richmond, the infamous, the degraded, noted swindling, little outpost Village, situated on some Canal (I think on the Canal of rascality), between Dayton, Ohio, and the celebrated City of Indianapolis, Indiana, where the authorities charge Minstrel Troupes and all Hall Shows a license of fifteen to thirty-five dollars per night, and the same authorities have full power to charge $35 license per evening for each and every Concert or entertainment given in their little God-forsaken, rascally, little Country Village. We gave two Concerts at this unmentionable place on the 27th and 28th of June, and we had to pay a license of $25 50 in cash, and six dollars worth of fifty cent tickets, which made our license $31 50 for two evenings. Shame! Shame!! Shame!!! upon such authorities and the people that uphold such naked and undeniable facts. We were informed that they charged us less license than any other Troupe that has visited the city the past year. Very consoling, indeed! from the would-be respectable authorities. Steubenville, Ohio, has a hard name for being mean to the Profession, but Richmond is a great many degrees meaner, and all respectable Troupes should shun it, unless they want to get victimized for thirty or sixty odd dollars. To the good people of Richmond (as there is no rule without an exception), and our extensive patrons and friends, we would say to them, accept our united good wishes and heartfelt thanks for the very liberal past favors received, and we should be pleased to visit you again in future, but never as long as the present corrupted authorities hold the reins of Government over your City.

CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
The $31 50 victimized Manager of
13-2t* Duprez & Green's Gigantic Minstrels.

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BOSTON MUSEUM,
TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
BUTLER'S
GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
From the
AMERICAN THEATRE, NEW YORK,
will open for the Summer Season
ON
THURSDAY, JULY 7th, 1864.
14-tf R. W. BUTLER, Manager.

MISS KATE FISHER,
THE CELEBRATED
PROTEAN AND EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS,
Has just added to her already extensive repertoire,
THREE NEW PIECES,
together with her celebrated horse
WONDER,
and is now prepared to negotiate with managers for the coming season.
Address care of Lafarge House. 13-tf

LEAVENWORTH THEATRE,
W. H. COOLIDGE.....Proprietor.
The above Theatre, now in the course of erection, will be ready for opening on or about
THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.
Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability desiring engagements, for the Fall and Winter season, will address.
HENRY LINDEN, Stage Manager,
12-3t.1¾t* Box 145 P. O. Leavenworth City.

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On receipt of $1, I will send three written Lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. Banjos, superior to any in the country in tone and finish, on hand for sale, or sent to any address on receipt of the money. Prices from $10 upwards.
Address J. BOGAN,
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WANTED--To Purchase a Thorough-bred GeldING, from 5 to 7 years old, not particular as to color. Must have long neck, and would prefer white hind feet. Address, with full particulars, LEVI J. NORTH, Box 3876, Chicago. 13-3t*

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This Large and Popular Hall, situated in the centre of the City, capable of seating 1100 persons, furnished with a commodious Stage, Scenery, Ante-Rooms, Foot-lights, &c. Easy of access. To be rented for Concerts and First Class Exhibitions on liberal terms. Address B. G. LARKIN, 282 Washington street, Boston, or J. B. THAXTER, 200 Congress street,
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MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
THE GREAT IRISH VOCALIST AND COMEDIENNE,
is now playing to crowded houses at Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, and will shortly be at liberty to accept engagements from Managers of Theatres and first class Concert Halls. Address
KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
Post Office
13-2t* St. Louis, Mo.

BELLA GOLDEN, the Popular Comedienne, Danseuse and VOCALIST, will commence a starring tour in September. Managers wishing to engage her services will address to the care of Theatre, Lexington, Ky. 4-3m

---

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of acknowledged talents and respectability, desiring engagements for the fall and winter season with a Travelling Dramatic Company, will address L. T. G., Box 1173, Post Office, Philadelphia, Pa. 13-2t*

WANTED---Immediately, at the Canterbury Hall,
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Address JOE MILLER, Business Agent,
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WANTED IMMEDIATELY--A First-Class Cornet PLAYER for HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, Brooklyn. 13-tf

---

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.---NOTICE.---A first rate LEADING ACTOR required for the Fall Season, commencing early in September. 14-1t*

MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON will commence her professional tour for the fall and winter season of 1864 and '65, on or about the 23d of September.
All business communications to be addressed to
A. S. PENNOYER,
14-2t Care of CLIPPER Office.

THE FAMOUS AMERICAN
EQUESTRIAN DRAMATIC TROUPE,

Consisting of
MISS KATE RAYMOND,
the distinguished and accomplished Equestrienne and Actress, acknowledged by the press and the public to be
THE MAZEPPA OF THE WORLD,
and
MR. O. B. COLLINS,
the celebrated Melo-Dramatic Actor and Equestrian, with
MR. H. B. GATES' HIGHLY TRAINED MARE
BLACK BESS,
THE CHAMPION ACTING HORSE OF AMERICA,
AND GRAY EAGLE,
with the following repertoire of Equestrian Dramas:
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JACK RANN, MIKE MARTIN, JACK SHEPPARD,
EAGLE EYE, NICK WHIFFLES, THE RIDE for LIFE,
HERNE THE HUNTER, MARGARET CATCHPOLE,
THE HORSE THIEF'S LEAP, TIMOUR THE TARTAR,
Also,
THE BORDER SPY, OR THE TRAPPER'S LAST SHOT,
THE CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE, OR THE WILD HORSE OF THE FOREST,
New Dramas, written expressly for this troupe by
JOHN F. POOLE, ESQ.
HENRY B. GATES.....BUSINESS MANAGER.
Managers wishing to negotiate for this celebrated troupe, will please address JAMES CONNER & CO., Business Agents,
14-1t* 25 West Houston street, New York City.

OLYMPIC, 622 and 624 Broadway.
Lessee and Directress.....MRS. JOHN WOOD.
SECOND WEEK OF THE ENGLISH OPERA
in which appear
MADAME COMTE BORCHARD,
MR. WILLIAM CASTLE and MR. S. C. CAMPBELL,
together with a powerful Company and Chorus, whose performances nightly elicit the most rapturous applause from
FULL AND FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES.
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 11,
first night of Auber's Grand Opera of
FRA DIAVOLO.

Zerlina..Mad. Comte Borchard	Lord Allcash (first time).....Mr. J. W. Neel
Lady Allcash..Miss Louisa Myers	Beppo .....Mr. S. C. Campbell
Fra Diavolo....Mr. Wm. Castle	Giacomo ....Mr. Warren White
Lorenzo (his first appearance....Mr. Walter Birch	Matteo.....Mr. J. Clark
Conductor.....Mr. A. Reif	Manager of Opera..Mr. B. A. Baker

In preparation, Balfe's Beautiful Opera,
THE ROSE OF CASTILE.
Doors open at 7½, Opera commences at 8.
Seats secured three days in advance.

BROADWAY THEATRE,
CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BROOME STREET.
GEO. WOOD.....MANAGER
This Theatre will open for a short Summer Season,
MONDAY, JULY 11th, 1864.
The Manager has pleasure in announcing an engagement, for a limited period, with the
YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, FASCINATING,
and highly accomplished artiste,
MISS HELEN WESTERN,
who, after a successful tour of THREE YEARS IN EUROPE, will make her first appearance in New York
ON MONDAY, JULY 11, 1864,
in her unequalled personation of the
FRENCH SPY.
The performance to conclude with the laughable Farce of a DEVILISH GOOD JOKE,
in which she will sustain SIX CHARACTERS, Sing and Dance. Supported by an efficient company.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 8 o'clock.

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The World Renowned
TIGHT ROPE ARTIST,
GYMNAST AND PANTOMIMIST,
has just concluded his engagement at Hartford, Conn. All parties wishing to negotiate with him will please address him 174 Adams street, Brooklyn, L. I., or to
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J. B. ROBERTS,
TRAGEDIAN,
is now in the third week of a most successful Engagement at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia. Managers wishing to negotiate for next season, address 250 North 9th street, Philadelphia.
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LOUIS THE ELEVENTH,
DUKE'S MOTTO,
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CHAS. B. HICKS, BALLADIST,
will be open for engagements after July 10th. Address, stating terms, care of Wellington & Co., Dubuque, Iowa. 14-1t*

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JIM CHESTERFIELD,
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The Best Comic Singer of the Age.
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Manager.
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Proprietors. 14-2t*

MISS GEORGIE DEAN SPAULDING,
THE GREAT AMERICAN HARPIST AND VOCALIST,
Will commence a two weeks' engagement at the
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For Mr. P. S. GILMORE'S PROMENADE CONCERTS,
Commencing July 18th, 1864.
MISS SPAULDING
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